Saturday Night

December 12, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

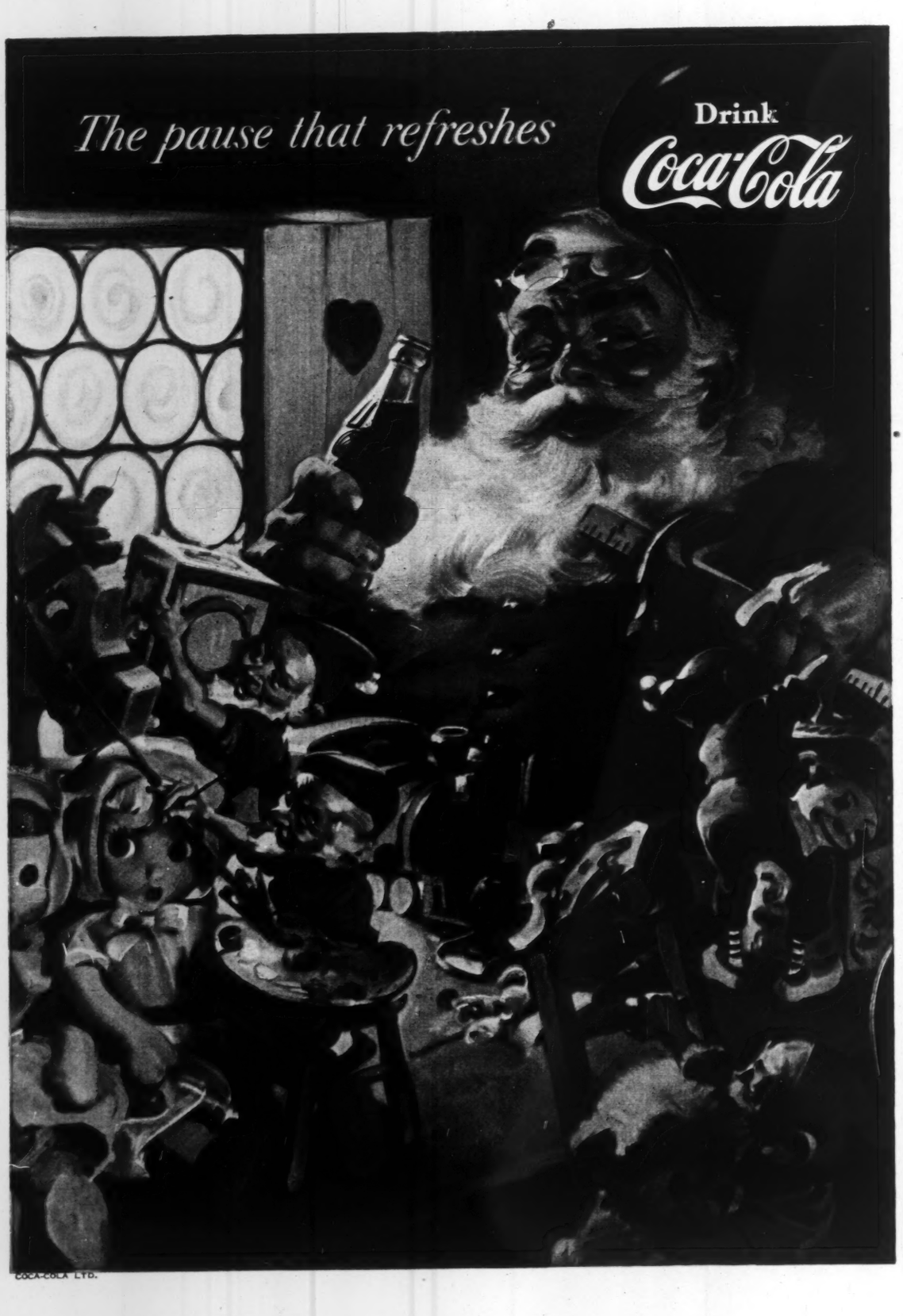
Some of the more obnoxious demagogues in the United States seem intent upon getting Canada mixed up in the sickening political brawl now going on in that country. The Canadian Government must resist, with firm courtesy, the invitations to step in and take a few licks against one side or the other.

The attacks by U.S. Republicans against the former President, Mr. Truman, his Secretary of State, Gen. George Marshall, and other members of his Administration, are obviously inspired not so much by fears for the security of the state as by the need to distract the attention of voters from the short-comings of Republican policies in other domestic matters. This was apparent from the timing of the first assault on Mr. Truman, in which he was accused of conduct close to treason; it came quickly after the Republicans had suffered some damaging defeats in state elections. If there is more to the situation than that, it is not apparent to outsiders, who can only get the impression that the diligent mud-slingers in the GOP are at least as interested in the defeat of the Democrats as of the Communists.

These Republicans are quite

Donald McKague

LORNE GREENE: Assurance on a High Plane (Page 4)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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The Front Page

willing to risk offending friendly countries to gather more ammunition for their campaign of vilification. Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mr. Pearson, has been accused of being, if not an outright Communist, at least a happy fellow-traveller. Unprecedented pressure has been put on to parade Igor Gouzenko before a Congressional committee, despite the prompt assurance of the Canadian Government that everything Gouzenko had to reveal to Canadian investigators had been passed on to the proper authorities in the United States.

Mr. Pearson fumbled the Gouzenko affair at the start; he spoke hastily and carried a great big chip on his shoulder. This was understandable, in view of the repeated attacks made on his character by the Jenners and McCormicks in the United States, but not excusable; diplomats are supposed to be trained to put national dignity ahead of personal feelings. But the Canadian Government's reply to the second U.S. request for a meeting with Gouzenko was proper: a representative of the U.S. Government can interrogate Gouzenko, as long as it is clearly understood that no information obtained in the interview will be made public without Canadian approval. This does not suit the U.S. investigators at all, of course; they are only interested in the publicity they can get for themselves. But it makes it clear that Canada does not intend to become a trained seal in the vulgar circus which has Senator McCarthy as its ringmaster.

Leaders of all parties in the House of Commons have joined in expressing their scorn of the filthy attempt to smear Mr. Pearson's character and in supporting the position of the Government in regard to transferring American investigational sprees to Canada. Such unanimity in these matters must continue. Canada wants no part of the dismal, dangerous thing that is McCarthyism.

A Shaken Faith

IT'S A SOBERING thought that the skull of the Piltdown Man, dug up in England 40 years ago, may be only 50,000 years old and not 500,000, as was believed until some people began making chemical tests on it a few weeks ago. This is the sort of thing that shakes our faith in the precise pragmatism of our modern superman, the scientist — a faith, incidentally, still not fully recovered from the strain put on it a while ago by the report in a New York newspaper that "a study by three physicians showed that perhaps two out of three births in the U.S. resulted from pregnancies."

The Sting of Bea

IF ANYTHING could break down our ingrown suspicion of subsidies, it would be a proposal to underwrite a coast-to-coast Canadian tour for Beatrice Lillie and her company. Canada badly needs the sort of thing that Miss Lillie does better than anyone else—the exposure by laughter of the phoney, the pretentious and the bathetic—and it is a pity that only the people in a couple of the country's biggest cities get to see her. Montrealers have spent "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie" and Toronto audiences will be able to attend the same "intimate musical revue" at the Royal Alexandra next week, but that will be the end of her appearances in Canada this year.

Where Miss Lillie is concerned, we lose whatever critical sense we might have. We can only repeat what Brooks Atkinson, of the New York *Times*, said of her the other day: "Miss Lillie is a light, elegant lady with sharp features, a modish personality and a small, abashed grin . . . She does not overwhelm an audience; she conquers it with wit and intelligence. Despite her dainty and detached personality, however, she is also a vastly entertaining low comedienne—vulgar, outrageous and grotesque . . . She is mistress of the visual gag—strangling herself with a scarf, shedding a huge rope of pearls as the climax of a song, pushing the piano. No one is rowdier or bawdier when she decides to let go with a bang. Although her comic spirit has a broad compass, the style with which she acts it is small and exacting. She is a perfectionist. The shoes have to be just ugly enough to express the vulgarity of the servant girl. The fan has to be just gaudy enough to convey the bogus grandeur of the prima donna who sings 'There are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden.' . . . A gleam or a grimace from her is as intelligible to the audience as a slapstick. What devastates us is not so much the material as the flashes of brilliance that come from a satirical mind. It is a hard mind that hates sentimentality, hackneyed art, pretentiousness and buncombe."

She was born in Toronto on May 29, 1898, was educated at Cobourg and Belleville, made her professional debut in 1914 at the Alhambra in London, married Sir Robert Peel in 1920, became a widow in 1934 and lost her 21-year-old son, Robert, in 1942—he was first reported missing, then "believed killed" in an action at sea. She did her first and last dramatic rôle in the Shaw play *Too True to be Good*, on Broadway in 1932; she vowed she would never repeat the experiment. Those are the bare biographical details, but they are not important. What really matters is that here is a woman who can speak bitingly to us and make it all sound like wonderful fun.

Eileen Darby

BEATRICE LILLIE: Mistress of the visual gag.

Object: Matrimony

WE HAVE been looking over some of the newspapers our colleague Willson Woodside brought back with him from Germany, and one of the impressions we get is of a country packed with women who want to be married and do not hesitate to make their need known in the Personal columns. Their invitations to marriage, however, sacrifice imagination for brevity. Age, height, weight, general appearance and personal possessions are listed, something like the telescoped entries in a catalogue for an auction. It is apparent that these are the new women, brisk and business-like, at home in a jet age, and a long evolutionary cycle removed from their modest sister of 1913 who put the following notice in the *Berliner Zeitung*: "Young woman of ancient lineage, beautiful as Helen, prudent as Penelope, economical as the Electress Sophia of Brandenburg, witty as Mme. de Staël, austere as Lucretia, charitable as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, devoted as Florence Nightingale, loving as Virginie, with the voice of an angel, an artistic soul, and possessed of a splendid fortune, desires correspondence with a view to matrimony."

Without Encores

WE HAVE never heard that contradictory phrase "effortless perfection" applied more aptly than when it was used by a man whom we happened to overhear so describing the performance of the Virtuosi di Roma who recently played a superb program of Vivaldi's music in Toronto. It was a joy to hear a whole evening of one composer's music, interpreted with consummate artistry and without a hackneyed piece from beginning to end. And there were no encores. Too often we have had a good concert spoiled because the artist has yielded to the importunities of the audience and has played two or three bits which completely destroyed a mood and a climax he had built up through the evening. For once we were able to leave a concert with our head full of what Milton called, "That undisturbed Song of pure content."

A New Canada House

MORE THAN six weeks ago, the Hon. Ray Lawson, Canada's Consul General in New York, suggested that a Canada House be built in that city; up to the time of writing there has been no indication that the Government proposes to do anything about his idea. It would be a pity if Mr. Lawson's plan were ignored, because it is eminently sensible and should be acted upon without delay.

Mr. Lawson would gather together in one building all the various offices and agencies the Canadian Government has scattered about New York, and provide room for the offices of such business concerns as the Canadian railways and for agencies supported by provincial governments. As he pointed out, the Consulate General and the Canadian delegation to the United Nations now occupy space in the British Empire building; "the Canadian Government Travel Bureau is in the French building; the National Film Board of Canada has offices in the RKO building; the Department of Trade and Commerce leases space in the RCA building; the Quebec Government offices are in the Associated Press building; the Province of Nova Scotia has offices at 247 Park Avenue, and when Canadian delegations to the United Nations arrive here each Autumn, additional office space must be rented in a hotel."

The present arrangement means expensive decentralization without any saving factor of increased efficiency. A building such as Mr. Lawson suggests would not only save money in daily operations but would add to our prestige in an area of tremendous importance to Canadian business. Canada needs to do a better job of selling in the United States—not just the goods that are made in Canada, but knowledge of and interest in the country; a Canada House in New

The Front Page

York would do a great deal to make that job easier. "Our prestige," Mr. Lawson said, "should be such that every corner cop in New York would know the location of Canada House." And we agree.

The Consul General was not content merely to point out the advantages of a Canada House, but went on to show how it could be built and paid for without becoming a burden on the Treasury. It would be "a self-liquidating operation, and no profit would accrue to any individual. Every penny expended on this project would be an investment and the eventual return from the investment would ensure a building without a dollar of cost to the Canadian taxpayer."

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A Sordid Tragedy

IF SALVADOR DALI, the surrealist painter, carries through his plan to make a film of the love affair between Anna Magnani and a wheelbarrow, it will turn out to be a sordid tragedy. A wheelbarrow is a loutish thing, possessed of a certain low cunning which enables it to strike back at its betters in the most furtive, infuriating way; it blisters the hands, galls the spirit, and if Miss Magnani is foolish enough to lavish any affection on it, she will find herself betrayed by a boor among implements. If Mr. Dali wants tragedy, he should forget about wheelbarrows and get Miss Magnani mixed up with something more heroic—a power-saw, for example, which has a vicious, singing strength; or better still, he could turn to sophisticated comedy and produce a surrealist Rake's Progress.

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Canadian interest will be centred less on the play itself than on the way Lorne Greene acquits himself in his Broadway debut. Mr. Greene, whose big, rich voice and handsome appearance have become very familiar to radio listeners and TV viewers in Canada, plays the romantic lead opposite Miss Cornell, and his success in this rôle could mean that Canada will be making another substantial contribution to the entertainment world of the United States.

In the early reviews, Mr. Greene has been described as "an effective and attractive romantic foil for Miss Cornell in a love story that is almost subordinate to the diplomatic doings", and as an actor of "strength and assurance." None of this is surprising; if there is one word to describe Mr. Greene's work in Canada, from the time he joined the CBC as an announcer in Ottawa, after graduating from Queen's University and studying at the Neighborhood Playhouse School in New York for a couple of years, to his very successful later years as a free-lance in radio and television, it is "assurance." It describes his voice, appearance and manner.

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There is no grave national emergency, nor has one existed since the end of World War II. There is not the tiniest shred of an excuse for the Cabinet retaining the extraordinary powers to control communications, harbors, territorial waters, transportation, trade and industry given it by the Act. Indeed, if the Government wishes to extend the legislation for another year, it can only be because it wants to establish its permanent right to powers which it should be given, and then only grudgingly, at a time when the nation is beginning to fight for its very existence.

It is all very well to say that the present Government can be trusted not to misuse its powers. No matter how good the intentions of the Government may be, or how trustworthy its conduct, the fact is that both Parliament and the people it represents are being conditioned to placid approval of "emergency powers." There are grown men now who cannot remember when the Federal Government did not have such far-reaching authority, and who unthinkingly accept this extraordinary violation of parliamentary rights as a normal condition. By their conduct in the House, there are some Members of Parliament who have reached the same disgraceful state of mind.

Mattress-Maker

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"I've got strong opposition in the municipal election," he said. "But the voters will decide, and I suppose we'd better talk about the Association's convention. We spent a lot of time discussing plans to straighten out the matter of stuffed mattresses; the bedding manufacturers would like to see uniform Federal legislation. The Province of Ontario and the City of Montreal have Pure Bedding regulations which stipulate that a manufacturer shall label a mattress according to what is in it. If only for the sake of health, that's logical, isn't it? But in other provinces the regulations don't apply and that means inequalities; a manufacturer in Nova Scotia, say, has to comply with the rules just to shift his mattresses through Ontario.

"This discussion didn't take up our whole meeting, of course. The Association has always tried to help the industry and protect the public at the same time. For example, every Spring we run a campaign encouraging people to see if their bedding is still in good shape. The average life of a mattress, by the way, seems to be about seven and a half years."

Are people hired to test beds? "No," he said. "After a while you learn from experience what's going to be good and what isn't. I remember I was completely raw to this business when I first took it on. I had just got my degree as a chartered accountant when my father died, so I gave up my accountancy plans to run the Burrell Bedding Company. My father was a pioneer in the business. I think it was about 1906 when he went to an outfit in the city and asked them to make him a mattress with springs in it. 'Wire in a mattress?' they asked. 'Old Jim Burrell's gone crazy.' But they made it, and it must have been one of the first of its kind in Canada. Now the standard model nearly always has wire in it, but in those days it was as revolutionary as it had been to put springs on the wooden slats of the bed about 80 years earlier.

"Incidentally, there's been a trend recently towards the harder, firmer beds of the early days."

HOWARD BURRELL: Legislation for mattresses.

Bullish on Shakespeare

DR. TYRONE GUTHRIE, whose production and direction had so much to do with the success of last summer's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, has some frank observations to make in his article on Page 7 about next year's Festival. He might also have mentioned that one of next season's problems may be competition from other North American Stratfords. We understand that the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy is planning big things for Stratford, Connecticut (population 22,580), and alert Chambers of Commerce may be figuring what their chances are in Stratford, New Hampshire (population 1,049); Stratford, New York (1,008); Stratford, New Jersey (980); Stratford, Oklahoma (896); Stratford, Wisconsin (879); Stratford, Texas (877); Stratford, Iowa (712); Stratford, California (307); Stratford, South Dakota (205); and Stratford, Washington, whose population seems to be a mystery.

Letter from New York

McCarthy Picks the Republican Issue

By Anthony West

WHEN THE DUST of battle cleared away after the New York elections, the Republicans saw something that looked nastier to them than a simple defeat. Mr. Wagner, the new Mayor, is the son of a German immigrant who became a United States Senator and a pillar of the New Deal in its palmy days of social legislation; he made no bones about being a liberal during the election. Right behind him in taking this stand was the boss of the Democratic machine in New York, Carmine de Sapio, who clearly showed that he had thrown in his lot with the New Deal tradition by supporting Wagner as a candidate. Worse than that, from the Republican point of view, was the large part played in the campaign by Representative Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., who was as acceptable to the voters as he is to Mr. de Sapio.

It looked very much as if the New York Democrats had been giving their candidate and their platform for the contest for the Governorship of New York State in 1954 a work-out. On the showing, Roosevelt, who is now 39, a convincing speaker, and a good campaigner, looked hard to beat. And his position as a leading member of the organization known as Americans for Democratic Action, which Senator McCarthy and Westbrook Pegler and others of their kidney have been describing as a branch of the politbureau for several noisy years, seems to have done him no harm whatever.

The operative word is *seems*. The Republicans had one notable crumb of comfort in the New York election. Out of the eleven candidates they put up for municipal judgeships, they only elected one man, Robert Morris, a novice, who was gently being initiated into the rough and tumble of politics. Like Roosevelt, he is 39, and he is being groomed for the Governorship of New York State by the Republican machine. He is a red faced, tubby man with a somewhat drab manner, and at any other time it would be hard to know what made him seem like a good bet for elective office. But almost immediately after he had graduated from the law school of Fordham, the big Catholic university of New York, he became assistant counsel to a committee of the New York State legislature which was investigating Communism, and since then almost his entire career has been as counsel to Senate subcommittees concerned with internal security.

I saw him in action a few months ago when Senator Jenner went to Boston to investigate the Communist menace in education and I had to admire a most skilful performance. Senator Jenner wanted to pin something red and unpleasant on Harvard, and Morris did it for him extremely effectively.

The list of witnesses on the day I attended the hearings had only one Harvard man on it, but he was called in along with a number of indefensible persons in one kind of teaching job or another who rapidly fell back on their rights under the Fifth Amendment and declined to incriminate themselves. These people were very minor figures, a teacher of mathematics in Boston Latin school, a retired woman teacher from the public schools, and so on, and they unquestionably had been in the old radical Socialist movement before the depression and in the Communist party after it. The mysterious Maurice Halpern was also produced and questioned, admitting that he was teaching at Boston University and then closing up on all other information about himself. When all these shifty and evasive persons had served their purpose and created the impression that the Boston area was riddled with Communist teachers, the Harvard man was produced.

He was a frail Jewish intellectual, beautifully type-cast for the rôle of University radical, and he was 22 or 23 years old. Morris questioned him about his duties at Harvard and got him to say that he was a section man, and to say that he had about thirty students under him. This subject was then dropped and the section man's Communist activities were pursued. He had written articles for the *Daily Worker*, and he had belonged to this and that. The impression was quite skilfully created that a Communist was teaching at Harvard.

The question of what a section man is was quite as skilfully evaded. Senator Jenner beamed happily while this little job was being done, and when the headlines came out in the Boston evening papers one could see why he beamed. A section man, as Mr. Morris very well knew, is a graduate student who works out part of his tuition fees by acting as the subordinate to a Professor with an excessively large class, of say, 70 or 90 students. He is a sort of glorified usher, who sees that the students are doing their required reading and getting their essays and so forth done on time. He is a very minor figure in the University picture indeed. If Mr. Morris had made the slightest blunder in questioning the section man, this would have been obvious, but Mr. Morris does not make that kind of blunder and the Press reports gave their convincing picture of Communist infiltration at Harvard.

Years of this sort of thing have given Mr. Morris a very considerable reputation. It was presumably this reputation which won him his first elective office.

Senator McCarthy may have noticed this when he went on record, as soon as the election results were in, with the opinion that the Republicans were making a mistake to run on any other issue than that of Communist infiltration. It is almost certain that Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General of the United States, was aware of it, and of the resurgence of New Dealism in New York, when he decided to accuse Mr. Truman of having disregarded the FBI report on Harry Dexter White and of knowingly appointing a Communist to an important policy-making post.

Mr. Brownell is a political protégé of Governor Dewey, whose machine had been taking such a hammering in the scandals about labor racketeering in New York and New Jersey, and the accusation very nicely took the heat off Mr. Dewey. It also came rather handily before the voting in the California elections (California being the State where the Red scare is a more lively issue than anywhere else).

As an accusation, Mr. Brownell's charge was very nearly fool-proof. Harry Dexter White is dead and cannot clear or defend himself. The evidence is all in an FBI file which is classified and cannot possibly be made public. Subpoenas issued from Washington's investigating committees in a thick cloud, like mosquitoes from a swamp. It was not clear what higher purpose Representative Velde had when he wanted to take Mr. Truman before his committee; he declared quite simply that he did it because he "wanted to get into the act." The act presumably is a preliminary to the 1954 elections, which the Republicans seem determined to fight over the long dead body of Harry Dexter White.

So far as the evidence in the public domain goes, the case against White rests almost entirely on the statements about him made by Elizabeth Bentley and by one or two others, and it is with a certain horror that one faces the reappearance of these people as topics of conversation. When one thinks of the winter of circular argument lying ahead, one can only feel very bitterly about what Mr. Brownell has done — quite regardless of the questions of political ethics involved. The only consolation is that it provides an occasion for quoting the statement that White made before an investigating committee just before he died:

"My creed is the American creed. I believe in freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the Press, freedom of criticism and freedom of movement. I believe in the goal of equality of opportunity, and the right of each individual to follow the calling of his or her own choice, and the right of every individual to an opportunity to develop his or her capacity to the fullest.

"I believe in the right and duty of every citizen to work for, to expect, and to obtain an increasing measure of political, economic, and emotional security for all. I am opposed to discrimination in any form, whether on grounds of race, color, religious or political belief, or economic status.

"I believe in the freedom of choice of one's representatives in government, untrammelled by machine guns, secret police, or a police state.

"I am opposed to arbitrary and unwarranted use of power or authority from whatever source or against any individual or group.

"I believe in a government of law, not of men, where law is above any man, and not any man above law.

"I consider these principles sacred. I regard them as the basic fabric of our American way of life, and I believe in them as living realities, and not as mere words on paper."

These may possibly be the words of a cornered Communist spy, but they do not resemble the words that any other Communist has uttered in similar circumstances.

INP

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS Rep. Harold Velde, Rep. Kit Clardy and Sen. William Jenner: they all want to get into the act.

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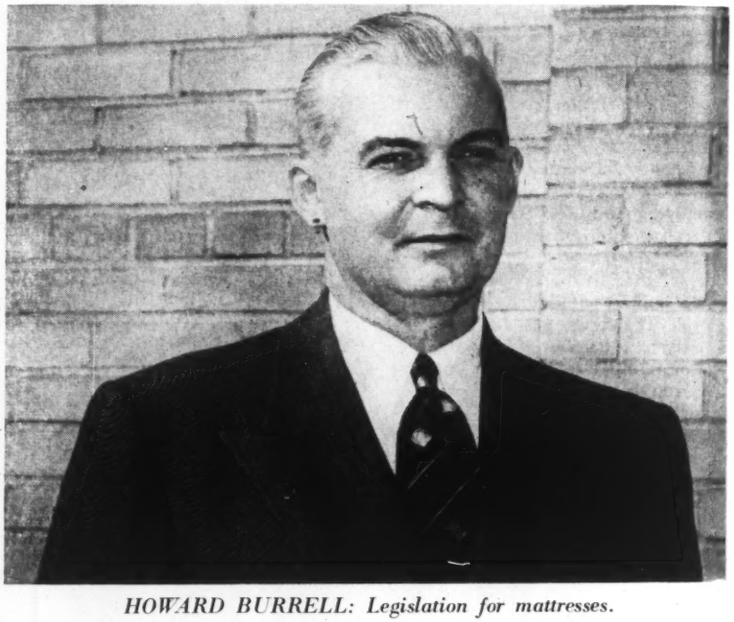

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"I've got strong opposition in the municipal election," he said. "But the voters will decide, and I suppose we'd better talk about the Association's convention. We spent a lot of time discussing plans to straighten out the matter of stuffed mattresses; the bedding manufacturers would like to see uniform Federal legislation. The Province of Ontario and the City of Montreal have Pure Bedding regulations which stipulate that a manufacturer shall label a mattress according to what is in it. If only for the sake of health, that's logical, isn't it? But in other provinces the regulations don't apply and that means inequalities; a manufacturer in Nova Scotia, say, has to comply with the rules just to shift his mattresses through Ontario.

"This discussion didn't take up our whole meeting, of course. The Association has always tried to help the industry and protect the public at the same time. For example, every Spring we run a campaign encouraging people to see if their bedding is still in good shape. The average life of a mattress, by the way, seems to be about seven and a half years."

Are people hired to test beds? "No," he said. "After a while you learn from experience what's going to be good and what isn't. I remember I was completely raw to this business when I first took it on. I had just got my degree as a chartered accountant when my father died, so I gave up my accountancy plans to run the Burrell Bedding Company. My father was a pioneer in the business. I think it was about 1906 when he went to an outfit in the city and asked them to make him a mattress with springs in it. 'Wire in a mattress?' they asked. 'Old Jim Burrell's gone crazy.' But they made it, and it must have been one of the first of its kind in Canada. Now the standard model nearly always has wire in it, but in those days it was as revolutionary as it had been to put springs on the wooden slats of the bed about 80 years earlier.

"Incidentally, there's been a trend recently towards the harder, firmer beds of the early days."

Bullish on Shakespeare

DR. TYRONE GUTHRIE, whose production and direction had so much to do with the success of last summer's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, has some frank observations to make in his article on Page 7 about next year's Festival. He might also have mentioned that one of next season's problems may be competition from other North American Stratfords. We understand that the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy is planning big things for Stratford, Connecticut (population 22,580); and alert Chambers of Commerce may be figuring what their chances are in Stratford, New Hampshire (population 1,049); Stratford, New York (1,008); Stratford, New Jersey (980); Stratford, Oklahoma (896); Stratford, Wisconsin (879); Stratford, Texas (877); Stratford, Iowa (712); Stratford, California (307); Stratford, South Dakota (205); and Stratford, Washington, whose population seems to be a mystery.

Letter from New York

McCarthy Picks the Republican Issue

By Anthony West

WHEN THE DUST of battle cleared away after the New York elections, the Republicans saw something that looked nastier to them than a simple defeat. Mr. Wagner, the new Mayor, is the son of a German immigrant who became a United States Senator and a pillar of the New Deal in its palmy days of social legislation; he made no bones about being a liberal during the election. Right behind him in taking this stand was the boss of the Democratic machine in New York, Carmine de Sapio, who clearly showed that he had thrown in his lot with the New Deal tradition by supporting Wagner as a candidate. Worse than that, from the Republican point of view, was the large part played in the campaign by Representative Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., who was as acceptable to the voters as he is to Mr. de Sapio.

It looked very much as if the New York Democrats had been giving their candidate and their platform for the contest for the Governorship of New York State in 1954 a work-out. On the showing, Roosevelt, who is now 39, a convincing speaker, and a good campaigner, looked hard to beat. And his position as a leading member of the organization known as Americans for Democratic Action, which Senator McCarthy and Westbrook Pegler and others of their kidney have been describing as a branch of the politbureau for several noisy years, seems to have done him no harm whatever.

The operative word is *seems*. The Republicans had one notable crumb of comfort in the New York election. Out of the eleven candidates they put up for municipal judgeships, they only elected one man, Robert Morris, a novice, who was gently being initiated into the rough and tumble of politics. Like Roosevelt, he is 39, and he is being groomed for the Governorship of New York State by the Republican machine. He is a red faced, tubby man with a somewhat drab manner, and at any other time it would be hard to know what made him seem like a good bet for elective office. But almost immediately after he had graduated from the law school of Fordham, the big Catholic university of New York, he became assistant counsel to a committee of the New York State legislature which was investigating Communism, and since then almost his entire career has been as counsel to Senate subcommittees concerned with internal security.

I saw him in action a few months ago when Senator Jenner went to Boston to investigate the Communist menace in education and I had to admire a most skilful performance. Senator Jenner wanted to pin something red and unpleasant on Harvard, and Morris did it for him extremely effectively.

The list of witnesses on the day I attended the hearings had only one Harvard man on it, but he was called in along with a number of indefensible persons in one kind of teaching job or another who rapidly fell back on their rights under the Fifth Amendment and declined to incriminate themselves. These people were very minor figures, a teacher of mathematics in Boston Latin school, a retired woman teacher from the public schools, and so on, and they unquestionably had been in the old radical Socialist movement before the depression and in the Communist party after it. The mysterious Maurice Halpern was also produced and questioned, admitting that he was teaching at Boston University and then closing up on all other information about himself. When all these shifty and evasive persons had served their purpose and created the impression that the Boston area was riddled with Communist teachers, the Harvard man was produced.

He was a frail Jewish intellectual, beautifully type-cast for the rôle of University radical, and he was 22 or 23 years old. Morris questioned him about his duties at Harvard and got him to say that he was a section man, and to say that he had about thirty students under him. This subject was then dropped and the section man's Communist activities were pursued. He had written articles for the *Daily Worker*, and he had belonged to this and that. The impression was quite skilfully created that a Communist was teaching at Harvard.

The question of what a section man is was quite as skilfully evaded. Senator Jenner beamed happily while this little job was being done, and when the headlines came out in the Boston evening papers one could see why he beamed. A section man, as Mr. Morris very well knew, is a graduate student who works out part of his tuition fees by acting as the subordinate to a Professor with an excessively large class, of say, 70 or 90 students. He is a sort of glorified usher, who sees that the students are doing their required reading and getting their essays and so forth done on time. He is a very minor figure in the University picture indeed. If Mr. Morris had made the slightest blunder in questioning the section man, this would have been obvious, but Mr. Morris does not make that kind of blunder and the Press reports gave their convincing picture of Communist infiltration at Harvard.

Years of this sort of thing have given Mr. Morris a very considerable reputation. It was presumably this reputation which won him his first elective office.

Senator McCarthy may have noticed this when he went on record, as soon as the election results were in, with the opinion that the Republicans were making a mistake to run on any other issue than that of Communist infiltration. It is almost certain that Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General of the United States, was aware of it, and of the resurgence of New Dealism in New York, when he decided to accuse Mr. Truman of having disregarded the FBI report on Harry Dexter White and of knowingly appointing a Communist to an important policy-making post.

Mr. Brownell is a political protégé of Governor Dewey, whose machine had been taking such a hammering in the scandals about labor racketeering in New York and New Jersey, and the accusation very nicely took the heat off Mr. Dewey. It also came rather handily before the voting in the California elections (California being the State where the Red scare is a more lively issue than anywhere else).

As an accusation, Mr. Brownell's charge was very nearly fool-proof. Harry Dexter White is dead and cannot clear or defend himself. The evidence is all in an FBI file which is classified and cannot possibly be made public. Subpoenas issued from Washington's investigating committees in a thick cloud, like mosquitoes from a swamp. It was not clear what higher purpose Representative Velde had when he wanted to take Mr. Truman before his committee; he declared quite simply that he did it because he "wanted to get into the act." The act presumably is a preliminary to the 1954 elections, which the Republicans seem determined to fight over the long dead body of Harry Dexter White.

So far as the evidence in the public domain goes, the case against White rests almost entirely on the statements about him made by Elizabeth Bentley and by one or two others, and it is with a certain horror that one faces the reappearance of these people as topics of conversation. When one thinks of the winter of circular argument lying ahead, one can only feel very bitterly about what Mr. Brownell has done — quite regardless of the questions of political ethics involved. The only consolation is that it provides an occasion for quoting the statement that White made before an investigating committee just before he died:

"My creed is the American creed. I believe in freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the Press, freedom of criticism and freedom of movement. I believe in the goal of equality of opportunity, and the right of each individual to follow the calling of his or her own choice, and the right of every individual to an opportunity to develop his or her capacity to the fullest.

"I believe in the right and duty of every citizen to work for, to expect, and to obtain an increasing measure of political, economic, and emotional security for all. I am opposed to discrimination in any form, whether on grounds of race, color, religious or political belief, or economic status.

"I believe in the freedom of choice of one's representatives in government, untrammelled by machine guns, secret police, or a police state.

"I am opposed to arbitrary and unwarranted use of power or authority from whatever source or against any individual or group.

"I believe in a government of law, not of men, where law is above any man, and not any man above law.

"I consider these principles sacred. I regard them as the basic fabric of our American way of life, and I believe in them as living realities, and not as mere words on paper."

These may possibly be the words of a cornered Communist spy, but they do not resemble the words that any other Communist has uttered in similar circumstances.

INP

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS Rep. Harold Velde, Rep. Kit Clardy and Sen. William Jenner: they all want to get into the act.

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Problems of the Next Stratford Festival

By TYRONE GUTHRIE

STRATFORD'S lovely park: "There should be more to interest the visitor."

THE FIRST SHAKESPEAREAN Festival at Stratford was a success. Plans are going forward for a second. It is hoped to make it an annual event. What kind of event? The following are only my personal views. They are not "official".

Next year there will be some risk of anticlimax. The first Festival had all the excitement of a successful pioneer venture. The vision and faith of Tom Patterson had been so striking; the committee had been so courageous; the money so nearly had failed to be subscribed; Stratford is such a little place to embark on such a big venture. All that was true last year. It will still be true next year, but it won't be news. The productions will have to rely more upon their merits; they won't be wafted to victory on the same powerful gust of sentiment.

On the other hand, many of the drawbacks and anxieties of the pioneer year will not be likely to recur. I do not suppose it is generally known what anxieties we had last year over the tent; how late it was arriving; how, when it did arrive, the acoustics were such that not a word the actors said could be heard, whereas the innocent squeaks of tiny tots at play half a mile away outside the tent sounded like Jehovah and all His Angels descending in wrath from the clouds. These and many other similar difficulties were only conquered at great expenditure of nervous energy and men's time (at double rates). Next year we shall all know more about how to deal with the tent; the publicity and box-office arrangements will be less experimental, and the director and actors will be more accustomed to the stage. The confidence that follows success ought to pervade all departments, and need not necessarily degenerate into over-confidence. I do not think it will. Everyone is too much aware of this danger.

I see no reason why next year's plays should be worse acted than last year's. Most of last year's actors have expressed their willingness to appear again, if asked; and there are many other Canadian actors, of whose services last year we were unable to avail ourselves. One or two of the best known professionals in Toronto were not at Stratford last year; and it was not possible to make any systematic attempt to recruit talent from the prairie provinces or the far west. On paper, there seems no good reason why next year's performances should not be as good as last year's; several good reasons why they should be better. But theatrical calculations on paper have a way of looking very silly indeed in practice. So perhaps it will be as well to say no more than that next year at least as much pains will be taken in the preparation of the plays.

One aspect of the Festival which did not come off at all well last year was the concerts. Excellent artists performed excellent programs to houses which were rarely more than one-tenth full. Perhaps this was because the concerts were arranged rather late in the day. Consequently, they were not announced in the main festival publicity. I hope the Committee will not allow this failure to damp its enthusiasm for activities other than the two Shakespearean plays.

In long term I think it is extremely desirable that those who attended the Stratford Festival should do so leisurely and in pleasant circumstances. That means that Stratford must provide reasonable occupation for its visitors apart from the plays. Otherwise people will only come for a few brief hours and the atmosphere will be one of rush and turmoil—a great picnic. Of course, there is nothing wrong with picnics. For my part I am crazy about them. They provide exactly the right atmosphere for playing tag with one's grandchildren and for paddling hand in hand with one's aunt. But that is not the atmosphere for the concentrated effort demanded by the performance of great works of art. If the Festival is to achieve its object, it is not enough for the plays to be carefully and efficiently performed. The audience, too, has its duty.

Performance is a two-way traffic. If the audience is preoccupied about the difficulties of transport, of sustenance and all the other problems of tourism, then it will not be in the right state of mind adequately to perform its role in the drama. It cannot, I think, be sufficiently emphasized that the audience's role in the theatre is an active one. It makes or mars the performance. In the mechanized drama of cinema, radio and television the audience's reaction does not affect the performance except afterwards and in the realm of economics. In the "live" theatre the audience has literally a part in the performance. When a civilized person buys a theatre ticket he realizes that admission involves him in something more than the right to sit and be entertained. It involves him in certain duties and responsibilities towards his fellow-patrons, towards the artists who are paid to interpret a work of art, and, most important, towards the work of art.

An important part of the job of a Festival Committee is to see that its patrons are helped to attend the performances in an appropriate frame of mind, in appropriate circumstances. It is hard to say what precisely constitutes appropriate circumstances, but I should suggest that two essential factors were leisure and quiet, with the possibilities of relaxation between the performances, which should be periods of intense concentration.

If Stratford's visitors are to enjoy the amenities of leisure and quiet, then a high proportion of them must expect to stay at Stratford for at least the two nights of the performances, rather than "doing" the Festival from long distances with all the rush and bustle which that involves. But if people are going to stay in Stratford, they will, I suspect, wish for a little more variety of occupation than was available for them last year.

Stratford, like other Canadian cities, has as yet few "memorials and things of fame". When one has viewed the very lovely park, there remain the Mausoleum, the Sewage Disposal Plant, the Post Office, the "Y", and a church or two of small architectural distinction; one may also repair to the railway station and view departing trains. After that the sightseer at Stratford has just about "had it".

IS IT too much to hope that next year there may be a little more to interest a visitor to Stratford in addition to the plays? I hope there will be a series of concerts as good as this year's, but much better advertised. I hope there may be a good loan exhibition of Canadian art, an exhibition of theatrical design, and another of interesting theatrical "relics" — not just old actresses and actors — but objects like Talma's snuff-box, gloves worn by Mrs. Siddons, and that sort of thing.

Stratford is a railway town. Is it too much to hope that the CNR might be persuaded to stage some kind of railway exhibit? Not just the stock stuff of the Tourist Kiosk with photographs in glorious Technicolor of Beauty Spots—the highest mountain, the deepest ravine, the bluest lake, the costliest hotel, all with the inevitable "Girls" well in the foreground. It surely need not be impossible to devise an exhibition that would appeal to a rather more sophisticated interest. Then, in addition, I would like there to be a series of lectures by first-rate speakers from all over the world. It should be possible for visitors to be helped by an acknowledged "Expert" to bone up on the Festival plays beforehand, and then, later, to take part in a discussion, professionally chaired, on the previous evening's performance.

The sponsoring of this last undertaking, if I may venture to suggest, might very suitably be undertaken by one of the bodies entrusted with public funds for purposes of education. I am aware that the term Education has the dreariest possible connotation when allied to the Theatre. I am aware that a program of Lectures and Debates looks rather deadly, and will be apt to look deadlier still if sponsored by an Educational Authority. Most people will suspect that it's an attempt to Do them Good — a process which they very rightly resent. The Importance of Being Earnest is all too often undermined by the Danger of Being a Bore. But surely this is largely a matter of presentation. The publicity can help to remove the impression of Uplift. But finally it's a question of the quality of the product, the capacity of the lecturers to deliver the goods. I could guarantee, given the funds to bring them, if necessary, from the ends of the earth, to find at least four lecturers who would treat their topic with the weight and authority of great learning, but their audience not just as Students (God help the creatures!) who only exist to be talked down to, and done good to, and bored stiff.

The aim of all this would be to make the Stratford Festival a place of serious pilgrimage rather than just a Tourist Attraction.

Then there is food. Last year, in addition to the normal commercial catering arrangements in Stratford,

there were two voluntarily run restaurants, one in the basement of a church, one in the Y. These were good efforts and much appreciated. But it is no belittlement of their achievement to say that in neither case had great effort been made to invest the basic essentials of nourishment with anything of elegance or originality or interest. A meal was available in the typical environment of a church basement or a Y, a sanitary, unimaginative "cheerfulness", off-white and bice-green, pervaded by the mingled odors of sanctity and disinfectant.

I suggest that the possibility of an occasional meal that was not merely "square", in surroundings which bore evidence of taste and imagination, would put visitors in better heart and humor, would perform a useful local service by keeping existing catering places on their toes, and would handsomely pay its way.

The great success of Stratford this year will obviously encourage other cities to put on "Festivals" of one kind or another. Many of them may offer larger and more spectacular programs with more ballyhoo. Many of them may outdo Stratford in terms of success and monetary turnover. Stratford will only survive if it has something more to offer than just "success". It cannot guarantee that, with the greatest effort in the world, its plays will always be well done; often the most carefully planned theatrical set-up just does not achieve a good result. And, even if quality could be consistently maintained, there is no guarantee that quality will always be popular; box-office receipts just do not bear any intelligible connection with artistic merit.

The Tourist audience will always be attracted by success, popularity, glamour—that sort of stuff. At any moment some other city may pop up with a Festival that is more popular, fashionable and glamorous than Stratford, and away the Tourists will fly like bees to a bigger, brighter flower.

Stratford's chance of survival depended the first year upon success and popularity. Its long term chance depends upon something else: upon maintaining consistently serious aims; upon aiming to please the most exacting taste rather than that of the greatest number. Stratford's customers will be those who want to see a Shakespeare play competently and seriously acted in appropriate surroundings, in an appropriate atmosphere, which implies leisure without dullness, and before a discriminating audience. In short, the important thing is to aim at the right sort of customers. And the right sort will not be the largest numbers; nor, emphatically, will they be the richest members of the community.

Stratford will have to steer between the Scylla of popularity degenerating into vulgarity, and the Charybdis of preciosity and snobbishness. The thing not to be afraid of is being thought Arty, Highbrow, Longhaired. A Shakespeare Festival is an arty, highbrow and long-haired notion. The people who buy tickets had better be prepared to have these labels hung about their necks, and not feel too bowed down in consequence.

A serious Shakespeare Festival seriously performed before a serious audience is not Big Stuff in terms of tourist attraction. But it is big stuff in terms of the development of Canadian Theatre. It is my view that in all the interpretative arts the classics provide the basis of technical training. For English-speaking actors, Shakespeare is immeasurably the most important playwright. No serious actor can consider himself equipped, either technically or imaginatively, until he has learnt to grapple with some of the great, and infinitely difficult, Shakespearean rôles—Lear, Macbeth, Othello or Anthony.

Likewise, the classics are the only measuring rods by which the stature of an interpretative artist may be judged.

If then, there is to be a flourishing Canadian Theatre manned by respectably equipped artists, they will require an opportunity to learn how to play in the classics, and more especially in Shakespeare. I will go further and say, paradoxically, that only out of a study of the classics will there emerge any distinctively Canadian theatre.

For this reason the beginning this year at Stratford of a regular series of classical performances of some scale and authority is important. It is not the gratifying but ephemeral "success" that is valuable, but the possibility of serious artistic continuity, of what is necessarily so difficult to achieve in the professional theatre, a sensible long-term policy rather than a series of desperate and haphazard shifts based on expediency. I hope very much that the Committee at Stratford will be assisted by a body of goodwill to hold onto the essential of their Festival—its serious intention.

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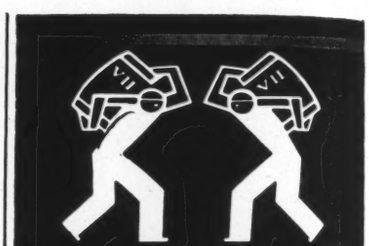

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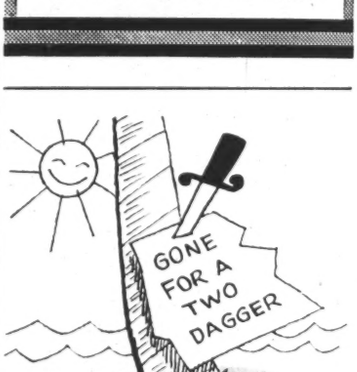

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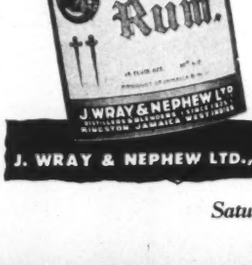

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The Literary Life

Try, Try, and Try Again

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I got an urge to collect short-story rejection slips from magazines. I dreamed up this brilliant idea after reading somewhere of a writer who had papered his study (or maybe it was his bathroom) with these pretty-colored missives from editors, which say, in unctuous prose, "Your story wasn't good enough for us, but don't go away mad!" I didn't want to paper my walls with them, but I *did* have a scheme for mounting them in a patterned montage, having it framed, and hanging it above my desk in my study. Then, when I had reached the heights of literary success, I would point them out with pride to a visitor, and say, deprecatingly, "As you see, old man, it didn't come easy, even for me."

This idea developed several flaws over the intervening years. In the first place, I have failed to reach the heights of literary success, I have never had a study, and my desk is usually the top of my wife's sewing machine or the kitchen table. Secondly, during a fit of literary harakiri last summer I put bushels of old manuscripts and related trivia to the torch, cleansing myself of a mass of split infinitives, amateur plots, and dog-eared touches of youthful genius. In this typewritten pot of Message was my carefully-hoarded collection of rejection slips, lost forever to posterity.

In a way, it was like burning the *billets-doux* that are the sole remnants of an unrequited love, for they represented the sum total of correspondence between many editors and me. They covered a one-way courtship with such publications as *Harper's Bazaar, Collier's, Story, The Partisan Review, Ladies' Home Journal, Queen's Quarterly, Holiday, Maclean's, Today's Woman, Redbook, The Kenyon Review,* and *Saturday Night.* They ranged from a curt scribbled, "Not our tone!" from *Esquire* to the heart-warming paragraph from *Story,* which began, "Alas! this is a rejection slip." A couple of others which sent warm rays filtering through the cool atmosphere of my early writing years were the ones from *The New Yorker* beginning, "We think this has wonderful possibilities if it was tightened up a little . . . " and the equally dangling carrot from the *Saturday Evening Post* upon which a fiction editor had written, "Please try us again."

Some of the others told me that I had just missed; that they liked the story, but, unfortunately it was not for them; or that they never accepted unsolicited manuscripts. Most of them were courteous, and made me feel that I still had a chance of publication, although a delayed one, while a very few of them made me want to go down and tear the editor horn rimmed glasses from soup-stained vest. One thing I noticed was that the bigger the magazine the more polite it was to its unpublished contributors, and that the only publications that could afford ill-mannered and cavalier replies to a writer were the worst-paying and small-circulation ones. In this regard, let me say here and now that I am not referring to the "little" magazines or quarterlies, which always treated me well.

During the first three years after the war, I had succeeded in writing a couple of dozen short stories, accumulating a representative sampling of rejection slips ranging from the United Church *Observer* to the *Atlantic Monthly,* and had seen my name in print only once—as a witness to a traffic accident involving a bicycle and a bread wagon. In true Frank Merriwell fashion, I did not despair at the lack of literary percipience on the part of the continent's short-story editors, but it made me mad as hell. I think that beginning writers need anger more than they need determination; the kind of anger that will make them want to prove to the doughheads who reject their stories that they were wrong.

DURING the years that I was playing footsie for lends with the editorial geniuses I salved my wounded pride with the thought that Ernest Hemingway's *Fifty Grand* had been turned down by 17 magazines before being published in *Harper's Magazine,* and that George Bernard Shaw went unpublished for almost two decades. I read Jack London's *Martin Eden,* which is the best book ever written about the trials and tribulations of the beginning author. I stopped reading the book review pages of the daily press, which I believed, were largely given over to fulsome praise and undeserved accolades to a bevy of amateur authors who were personal friends of the literary editors, and who, collaborating with each other and straining mightily, may have been able to write a readable preface to a cafeteria menu.

I followed several personal rules during this period, one of them being not to ask any established writer to give me his criticisms of anything I had written. I think that this is a very important rule for beginning writers to follow, for what they are really looking for is praise rather than criticism, and putting another writer on the spot in this way is the best method I know of making a life-long enemy. The only person who should be asked to read a manuscript is an editor; that is what he is paid for.

Another rule that should be followed is never make the personal acquaintance of an editor until he or she has bought or rejected several stories. I have a theory that editors admire authors whom they have never met more than they do the ones they know;

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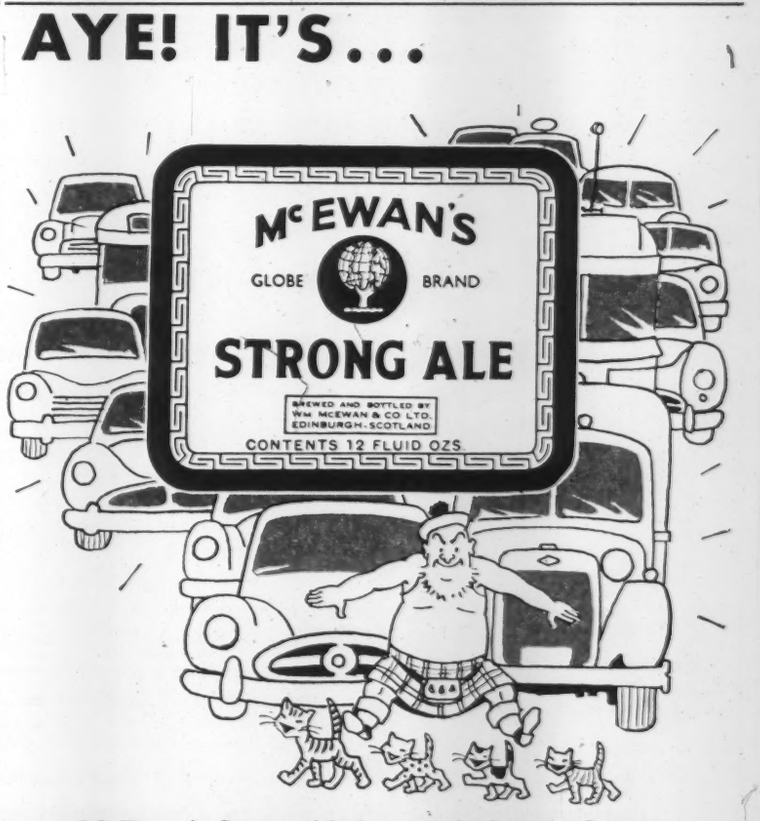
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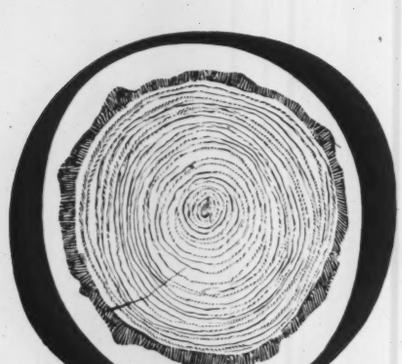

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the author separated by several hundred miles of bush, ocean or prairie from the editor's desk acquires an undeserved aura of literary greatness that is dispelled the minute he stumbles into a magazine office, and the editor sees him for the first time in the flesh.

Also, never tell your friends that you are a budding author, for they won't believe you, and their attitude will make you think, as they do, that you are wasting your time and are only making literary pretensions out of snobbery. Another pitfall to avoid is the joining of a "literary" circle or some such organization. In the first place most of the characters you will see at their meetings are as hard pressed to get anything published as you are, and the sight of them will tend to drive you into more honorable pursuits such as embalming or picking up waitresses' tips from restaurant tables.

But, we are getting away from rejection slips (not that it isn't a wonderful idea). A writer should never answer a rejection slip, for if he bawls out the editor who sent it he's cutting down his potential market, and if he agrees with the editor that the story isn't quite as good as he thought it was at first, the editor wonders why he submitted it in the first place. I know of two would-be writers, one of them a sort of academic literary figure who compiles books of short stories by other writers, who have a habit of answering every magazine rejection with a scurrilous letter to the editor. I have seen several of the letters written by the academician, written to different magazine editors, and I have read one or two of his submitted, but rejected, short stories. I'm afraid that I have to agree with the editors. My advice to the letter-writer would be either to send future stories to Australian magazines or write them under a pseudonym.

The beginning writer has to learn to take his lumps in silence, and outside of getting mad, roaring drunk, or beating up his wife, there is nothing he can do to the editors who are too blind to recognize genius when they see it. Of course, he can always do what I planned on doing. That was to make a list of all the magazines which turned down my stories, so that when I became a success and they were begging for my stuff, I could write them a curt little rejection slip saying, "I am sorry, but your magazine does not come up to my usual standards."

The only fly in the inkwell was that *every* magazine turned down something of mine, and I'm still waiting in vain for them to come to me.

HUGH GARNER

•

Mr. Robertson arrived in Canada from Britain last night on other government business. He was met in Montreal by Hon. L. B. Pearson, secretary of state for external affairs.—*Toronto Star, Nov. 25.*

On a "routine visit," Mr. Robertson arrived in New York last night by boat and joined Mr. Pearson there for the flight to Ottawa.—*Toronto Telegram, Nov. 25.*

Well, they met *some* place.

Foreign Affairs

A Shot-Gun Marriage

IN GERMANY, in the weeks following the September elections, it seemed that with the public support and the political and economic power which he could now bring to bear, Chancellor Adenauer would be able to sweep the French into the European Army project. After all, France couldn't possibly prefer the alternative: Germany as a full member of NATO, with her own national army.

Crossing into France, it was soon clear that her vaunted logic was, in this case at least, much overrated. She had proposed the European Army at a moment when French and German power were pretty closely in balance; indeed the French may have thought they were considerably more powerful than Germany in 1950. Now the French suddenly found that the partner with whom they were to link themselves in indissoluble union was assured not only of such economic dynamism but also of such political stability for years to come that it was bound to be the leading, if not the dominant, member of a European Union. As the Germans advanced eagerly, the long hesitant French took fright and backed away. The recent prolonged debate in the Paris Chamber of Deputies shows that if there is to be an early marriage, it will have to be a shot-gun affair.

Miller

GENERAL DE GAULLE: He would jump from German arms into Russian.

There are those French, like former Premier Daladier, "the bull of the Vaucluse", who simply fall back on thundered hate of the Germany of Oradour, the enemy who has fallen three times upon France within living memory. There is General de Gaulle, still the Constable of France to a large part of the nation, who warns that France will lose her independence and control of the French Union if she enters the European Defence Community, and reminds the French that they still have a treaty with Russia designed to hold Germany in check.

More insidious, there is *Le Monde*, which urges merely that France should wait, reform her economy, stabilize her political institutions and settle the Indo-China War before entering a union with a stronger and more dynamic Germany. The last article I clipped from it, just before leaving Europe, was entitled *"La France Jetée à l'Eau"*—Throwing France in to Sink or Swim. It is by the former cabinet minister, Robert Lacoste. If some readers thought that I went too far in my criticism of the present situation in France, let them read what this French patriot has to say about it:

"Economic stagnation and financial uncertainty reveal more and more clearly the reasons for France's mediocre position today. Our agriculture is out of date, our farms sliced into tiny plots. Our industries are dispersed and obsolete. Unproductive functions have multiplied scandalously; no one is concerned with productivity; our prices are high, our wages are low and our exports are sinking all the time.

"The program of modernization undertaken since the Liberation aimed at catching up the lag of the years between the wars, but the effort has left us out of breath before we begin the final lap . . . There are pessimists who do not believe that the French people will consent of their own free will to make the prolonged effort necessary to pull the nation out of its backward state and place it among the modern countries of the world. These people argue that it needs a force from outside to achieve this. They believe that if France is thrown brutally into the European coal and steel pool and into a free European market, she will be forced to make the effort, just as an animal, taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown into the water, has to sink or swim.

"What is necessary is exactly the opposite: our economy must be reformed before we integrate, or we will find ourselves crushed to the ground, with the other countries walking over our body. Has there been sufficient consideration of the peril to the French economy of an intimate association with the German economy in an integrated Europe?" The author recounts at some length the "disagreeable but indisputable facts" of German recovery and the frenetic German effort at rebuilding, in such contrast with construction in France.

"Let us put things plainly: if France is thrown into such an adventure, either it will go down quickly, or our industrialists will soon be found signing agreements with their German

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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

AND WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

Annual Report of Board of Directors For the Year Ended August 31 1953

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS :

The Consolidated Balance Sheet of your Company and its Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies showing Assets and Liabilities at the end of its fiscal year, August 31, 1953, is submitted herewith together with the Consolidated Statement of Profit and Loss and Earned Surplus for the year.

The books and the accounts have been audited by Messrs. Price Waterhouse & Co., and their report is attached.

As has been customary, all the properties of your Company have been maintained in good condition and the sum of $346,941.86 has been added to Accumulated Depreciation which now stands at $5,639,482.63.

All inventories of raw materials and manufactured goods have been taken with care and have been priced on the basis of cost or market, whichever proved to be the lower.

Total sales volume of the Organization for the year was, by a substantial margin, the highest in the Company's history and this factor contributed to the generally improved operating results. Our Kem products—Kem-Tone, Kem-Glo and Super Kem-Tone—continued their remarkable advances in consumer acceptance, while our standard branded lines showed a steady growth in public demand.

Your attention is directed to the reduction of total inventory investments as compared with recent years and also to an improvement in our position with respect to bank indebtedness, whereby last year's bank loan amounting to $2,800,000.00 has been reduced to a bank overdraft amounting to $424,696.48 for the year just closed.

The combined profit from operations for the year amounted to $3,561,318.57 compared to $2,322,962.37 for the year ended August 31, 1952. After providing for interest, depreciation, etc., in the amount of $875,052.71 there was left a balance of earnings before Income Taxes amounting to $2,690,515.86. Provision for Income Taxes for the year stood at $1,495,420.84 as compared with $730,348.18 for the previous year. After deducting these highly increased taxes the net profit available for Dividends amounted to $1,195,095.02 compared with $585,554.31 last year.

These net earnings would provide $34.54 per share on the Preferred Stock of the Company, and after the payment of $7.00 per share on the Preferred Stock there would remain a balance of $4.24 per share on the Ordinary Stock.

During the year Dividends to Shareholders amounted to $242,200.00 on the Preferred Stock and to $280,900.00 on the Ordinary Stock.

The Total Current Assets of the Company amounted to $14,824,028.08 and Current Liabilities stood at $5,598,738.44, leaving a balance of Net Current Assets amounting to $9,225,289.64, an increase of $661,445.24 during the year.

The Combined Surplus of the Company and its Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies at August 31, 1953 amounted to $9,339,130.93.

During the year we suffered a grievous loss through the death in June last of John C. Newman. Mr. Newman served for eighteen years on the Board of Directors of our Company where his advice and guidance were at all times highly valued.

As always, our grateful thanks are extended to our staff everywhere for faithful service and support during the year.

Respectfully submitted,
A. W. STEUDEL
Chairman.

Montreal, Que.
November 12, 1953.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET — AUGUST 31 1953

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS:		
Cash on hand		$ 36,635.50
Trade accounts receivable, less allowance for doubtful accounts		6,397,216.78
Other accounts receivable		178,890.25
Inventories of raw materials and supplies, goods in process and finished merchandise, stated on the basis of the lower of cost or market		7,869,260.28
Insurance, taxes and other prepaid expenses		153,735.31
Advertising stock, stationery, etc.		188,289.96
		$14,824,028.08
OTHER ASSETS:		
Sundry accounts receivable, including $3,824.22 owing by shareholders		90,526.11
INVESTMENTS IN AND ADVANCES TO PARTLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES:		
Investments	$ 30,775.20	40,308.27
Advances	9,533.07	200,000.00
INVESTMENT IN AFFILIATED COMPANY	$13,520,320.94	
CAPITAL ASSETS		
Capital assets include land and buildings, leaseholds, machinery and equipment which, together with formulae, trademarks and goodwill carried on the books at $5,715,655.12, were acquired by The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited, in 1911, at cost measured by the par value of bonds and the stated value of shares issued as consideration for such assets; properties owned by three of the consolidated subsidiary companies are included on the basis of appraised values with subsequent additions at cost; other properties are included at cost.		
Less: Accumulated depreciation	5,639,482.63	7,880,838.31
		$23,035,700.77

Note: The replacement value new, less depreciation, of land, buildings, machinery and equipment of one of the consolidated subsidiaries as of April 1, 1952, as reported by H. F. Cooper Appraisal Co., Limited, was $1,037,622.22; the replacement value new, less depreciation, of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited, and the other consolidated subsidiaries as of June 30, 1952, as reported by Canadian Appraisal Company Limited was $8,403,704.58. The total replacement value new, less depreciation, based on these 1952 appraisals was therefore $9,441,326.80, which is $7,276,143.61 in excess of the net amounts at which land, buildings, machinery and equipment are included under capital assets at August 31 1953.

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES:		
Bank overdrafts (net)		$ 424,696.48
Trade accounts payable and accrued liabilities		3,894,334.79
Income and other taxes		1,279,707.17
		$ 5,598,738.44
OWING TO AFFILIATED COMPANY		123,431.40
RESERVE FOR ALLOWANCES TO RETIRED EMPLOYEES		20,000.00
CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS:		
Capital Stock—		
Seven per cent cumulative preferred—		
Authorized — 40,000 shares of $100.00 each	$4,000,000.00	
Issued— 34,600 shares of $100.00 each		$ 3,460,000.00
No par value ordinary — Authorized —225,000 shares		
Issued —224,720 shares	$4,494,400.00	
Earned Surplus, per statement attached	9,239,130.93	13,833,530.93
		17,293,530.93
		$23,035,700.77

SIGNED ON BEHALF OF THE BOARD:
R. C. VAUGHAN, Director
J. A. SIMARD, Director

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS AND EARNED SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR ENDED AUGUST 31 1953

Combined profit from operations, before provisions for depreciation and other deductions shown below		$ 3,561,318.57
Add: Dividends from partly owned subsidiary companies		4,250.00
		$ 3,565,568.57
Deduct:		
Interest on bank loans	$ 242,739.44	
Allowances paid to retired employees	82,717.80	
Legal fees	7,608.88	
Remuneration of executive officers and directors' fees	195,044.73	
Provision for depreciation	346,941.86	
		875,052.71
		$ 2,690,515.86
Deduct: Provision for taxes on income		1,495,420.84
		$ 1,195,095.02
Net profit for the year		8,797,135.91
Earned surplus at August 31 1952		$ 9,992,230.93
Deduct:		
Dividends paid during the year—		
Preferred—$7.00 per share	$242,200.00	
Ordinary—$1.25 per share	280,900.00	$ 523,100.00
Adjustment of prior years' taxes on income		130,000.00
		653,100.00
Earned surplus at August 31 1953		$ 9,339,130.93

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED:

We have examined the consolidated balance sheet of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited and its wholly owned subsidiary companies as at August 31 1953, and the consolidated statement of profit and loss and earned surplus for the fiscal year ended on that date and have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required. In our opinion, the attached consolidated balance sheet and the related consolidated statement of profit and loss and earned surplus are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the combined affairs of The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, Limited and its wholly owned subsidiary companies as at August 31 1953, and the results of their operations for the year ended on that date, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies.

We also report that earnings of the subsidiary companies not consolidated are included in the accompanying financial statements only to the extent of dividends received.

MONTREAL, October 29 1953.

PRICE WATERHOUSE & CO., Auditors.

counterparts to reserve to themselves the French domestic market, while opening to their partners the markets of the French Union. Instead of stimulating the reorganization of France, Europe would have been handed to Germany, which means it would no longer be Europe.

"However, and in spite of our pessimists, we have important assets and within a few years, with the will to do it, we could make up the gap which separates us today from Germany, and could build a balanced Europe."

This does not deal directly with the question of a European Army, but the creation of such an Army is bound up inseparably with the creation of a political structure to control it and a unified economy to support it.

One of the leading French advocates of immediate European unity and long the outstanding orator of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, Pierre-Henri Teitgen, deputy-premier in the present Laniel Government, gave me his view that once the Army question could be decided the political federation of Europe would follow readily.

For reasons of history, tradition, psychology, and for many inconsequential reasons, he said, giving up their national army was a tremendous decision for the French people to take. For other peoples without such great military traditions, such as the Belgians, the Dutch and the Italians, accepting a European Army was not so difficult as accepting a political federation. Teitgen was positive that the European Defence Community treaty would be ratified this winter.

Deputy Premier Paul Reynaud, too, paced back and forth declaring to me "*Il faut faire l'Europe*"—we must build a united Europe, and without delay. Laniel himself, and his Foreign Minister, Bidault, are committed to the objective of United Europe, and hence to the European Army. But all of these governmental leaders together were unable to win a clear majority vote in support of this policy from the Assembly, in the pre-Bermuda debate.

The French have no other real alternative. They cannot possibly prefer to see Germany become a full member of NATO, with her own national army, as Sir Winston Churchill clearly intimated must be the next consideration should the European Army fall through. Germany could reap all the advantages of such an arrangement, in getting equipment quickly from the Americans—equipment which is believed to be stockpiled, ready for delivery—and then later could pull out of NATO if it suited her and resume a position of leverage between the Eastern and Western blocks.

Nor can the French seriously consider switching alliances at this point, and lining up with Russia to hold Germany in check, as de Gaulle suggested. The Gaullists may be associated with the Communists in opposing the European Army, but they are not going to help the Communists into such a favored position as the latter would automatically gain, if French policy were made dependent upon Russian.

It is evident that the Soviets waited

for two solid months with their consent to a Four-Power Conference, to play this card at the most critical moment and deflect the French from a decision on the European Army by the hope of some four-power settlement which would hold Germany down. But if the Paris Assembly did not give the Government a clear majority in favor of the European Army, neither did it produce a clear majority against the Government's policy and in favor of a switch in alliances.

The French know that this would be too great a wrench in all their relations with the outside world, just as the Americans know that they cannot simply switch their main continental alliance from France to Germany. The French also know that a rapidly recovering Germany is going to be rearmed, one way or another, and that no other way is so favorable to them as the European Army. Nevertheless, in their present distracted frame of mind it is going to take another clear failure of agreement with the Russians on a German settlement plus an equally clear British commitment to close relationship with a European Army, to bring France to the altar.

King and Gouzenko

IT WAS the word from Washington that a "highly-placed Canadian" had given a warning on Harry Dexter White in 1946 that sent me looking for some notes of a conversation I had with Mackenzie King on the Gouzenko Case. It was aboard the *Queen Mary*, coming back from the Paris Peace Conference on August 31, 1946, that he invited me into his cabin for a chat. Here is what I wrote down, immediately afterward:

The Gouzenko Case, he said, had occupied a great deal of his time from last September until this February. Norman Robertson had come in one morning, just as he was going off to the House, and said that a man had come in with documents stolen from the Soviet Embassy, showing that a powerful Fifth Column was being built up in this country, with relation to a future war. The man said that his life was in danger, etc.

He (Mackenzie King) at once said that they must be very careful not to fall into any Soviet trap. They must avoid any appearance that this man was our agent, planted on the Soviets. The case should be handled by the Ottawa city police, with "our fellows" helping.

Mackenzie King had not talked with Gouzenko until after the investigation was over. He had had two talks with him since then, and wanted another. He thought Gouzenko was a fine, decent fellow, and very shrewd in his operations, in selecting just the documents that would break the spy ring.

As soon as they were satisfied of the authenticity of the material, he had had to go to Washington to tell Truman, and to London to tell the British Government and forestall Dr. Allan Nunn May. Truman and Attlee were dumbfounded. It is not true that the FBI had helped to uncover the spy ring in Canada, or influenced the decision that the exposure of Soviet spying should be made in Canada. The Americans and the British were quite astounded at the revelations of the extent of the Fifth Column, and got busy and found similar things going on in their own countries.

I asked if the Americans wouldn't soon make similar exposures—as soon as it was deemed the peace negotiations would stand it? He said they would like to, but although they were quite satisfied that Soviet operations were on a great scale in the United States, and they might have photostatic copies of some documents, they hadn't been able to get hold of the real documents, which would stand up in court, and which had fallen into our hands by such a stroke of luck.

Very important, I noted, was Mr. King's statement that the Soviets didn't know what documents Gouzenko had taken away or even if he had taken any away. These were chiefly papers which he had been ordered to burn, but which he had selected and saved. "All winter, we were convinced that the Soviets really didn't know how much we knew," Mr. King said.

There is no doubt that the prime minister was greatly pleased that Gouzenko was chiefly influenced in his decision to make the break by what he had seen of our elections, and by the spectacle of a government having to take account of the wishes of the people.

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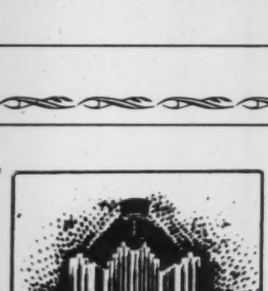
81



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Ottawa Letter

Textiles and Tariff Troubles

THE DEBATE on the Address has supplied abundant evidence that there is an ominous number of weedy patches in our garden of national prosperity. Ministers had to listen to a series of dolorous tales, some of them told by their own supporters, of the depressed fortunes of the textile industries, of the farm implement industry, of the gold-mining interests, of the lumbermen and of the fishermen on both coasts, and were urged to bestir themselves to cope with mounting unemployment. Nearly all the representatives of rural constituencies who have spoken have enlarged upon the theme of the widening gulf between the price levels of farm products and manufactured goods; only the Liberals among the members from the Prairie Provinces have failed to register protests against the decision of Mr. Howe, that there is no need for the Government to think about loans on grain stored on farms.

The spokesmen of the textile industries gave the most detailed accounts of their unfortunate plight and its causes. It was a natural move on the part of Dr. W. G. Blair of Lanark, one of the most widely respected members of the House, to expatiate upon their troubles and demand better protection for them, because he belongs to the Conservative Party, which has always been committed to adequate protection for domestic industries. But Arthur White of South Waterloo and Robert Cauchon of Beauharnois were on much shakier ground, when they matched Dr. Blair in dark descriptions of the textile situation and in the fervor of their pleas for remedial measures in the form of stiffer barriers against competitive imports. Quite clearly they were unconcerned about the traditional claim of the Liberal Party to be the sworn enemy of high tariffs; they are shining examples of the validity of a favorite thesis of Mackenzie King that the bosom of the Liberal has always been broad enough to enfold a wide variety of opinion.

The pleas of this trio of parliamentarians were in full conformity with the contents of a lengthy brief recently submitted to a committee of the Cabinet by a delegation, some 200 strong, in which executives of, and workers in, textile mills were joined by civic representatives of communities containing such plants. But there are serious difficulties in the way of any substantial concession to the demand for a general increase of the duties on textiles.

The Government knows that it cannot increase the rates on textile imports from the United States without putting a powerful weapon in the hands of the Republican protectionists at Washington. It is equally aware that, since textile exports are one of Britain's best means of earning Canadian dollars, it cannot curtail them by higher duties without diminishing the capacity of Britain to buy wheat and other Canadian commodities. Moreover, Ministers must be at least dimly conscious that at a time when their own special investigators have pronounced two groups of well protected industrialists, the manufacturers of rubber goods and electrical equipment, guilty of conspiracies in restraint of trade, the public would look askance at higher protection for the textile interests.

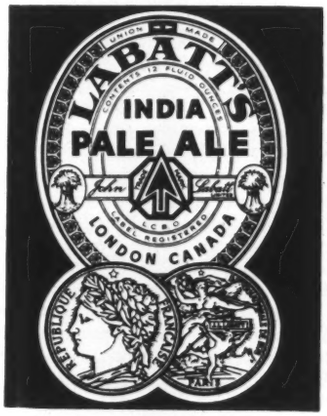
The delegation, therefore, found both Mr. Howe and Mr. Abbott somewhat cold to their pleadings for succor; the former denied the allegation of the brief that the textile interests were out of favor with the present government, and the latter went so far as to declare that no Canadian industry enjoyed better protection. The delegation had to be content with assurances that, once a departmental committee had evolved a workable plan for stiffening the anti-dumping regulations, the necessary legislation would be passed, and that, in any trade treaty negotiated with Japan, safeguards against an inflow of cheap Japanese textiles and unfair trade practices would be inserted.

THERE IS an element of irony in the strange development that, just after President Eisenhower had visited Ottawa and proclaimed his faith in the value and permanence of the working concordat between Canada and the United States, his administration and our Government should have been involved in an unpleasant interchange over a former clerk in the Russian Embassy at Ottawa. Mr. Pearson probably now regrets that he exposed himself to the charge that he had garbled Gouzenko's first statement to the Chicago *Tribune* and did not respond to the first American note with the accommodating concession which he embodied in his reply to the second. This second note, and his explanatory statement to the House of Commons on November 25, made full atonement for any initial error; it earned general commendation from the Press and the hearty approval of the whole House of Commons. His course of action was warmly endorsed both by Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell in excellent speeches, but he might have been spared the rather condescending certificate of personal integrity which Mr. Low offered to him.

When Mr. Drew's complimentary observations about Mr. Pearson could evoke such gratitude from Mr. Claxton that he could describe them as "magnificent," there was obviously in the House an unwonted harmony of viewpoint, which should be noted at Washington and impel the Eisenhower administration to disregard the peevish

The ALE of a MAN'S dreams

Do *you* dream, sometimes of the old time flavour of ale, when ale was exclusively a man's drink? Then next time you visit your favourite hotel or tavern call for Labatt's* India Pale Ale—or I.P.A. for short, and make your dream come true! You'll understand, then, why it's called a MAN'S drink! John Labatt Limited.



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Annual Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the bank will be held at the Head Office, 360 St. James Street West, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the 14th day of January, 1954, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager

Montreal, Que., December 1, 1953.

complaints of Senator Jenner about Canada's restriction upon any disclosure of Gouzenko's evidence without our consent.

The Gouzenko affair had an interesting by-product in the shape of an oratorical duel between David Croll, Liberal, and J. H. Blackmore, Social Credit. On November 23, Mr. Croll devoted a whole speech to a forthright denunciation of Senator McCarthy and all his works, and gave chapter and verse for his belief that the Senator is the most sinister demagogue produced on this continent for many a long day. But his speech gave great offence to Mr. Blackmore.

As a politician, Mr. Blackmore is a disappointed man, because, after leading the Social Credit party at Ottawa for 14 years, he was discarded in 1949 in favor of Mr. Low. For years his fellow members have listened patiently to his long harangues about the iniquities of the present monetary system and the misdeeds of the greedy gang of international financiers who control the UN and every other international organization. But nowadays Communists take precedence of international financiers as the *bêtes noires* of Mr. Blackmore.

Whereas Mr. Croll regards Senator McCarthy as what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "a cootie on the body politic," Mr. Blackmore conceives him to be the bravest living crusader against the Communists and their wicked plots. So after warning Mr. Croll in a letter, which he inserted in Hansard, that he would deal faithfully with the vile charges against his hero, he favored the House with a fulsome eulogy of McCarthy and a bitter assault upon his critics.

THERE IS today constant lamentation that, in all the countries of the Commonwealth, the ruling Ministers have acquired too much domination over the proceedings of Parliaments and that the private member has been relegated to a position of comparative helplessness.

Useful functions are open to all private members, however. It is true that their ventures as promoters of legislation are usually abortive, and that the sessions in which a private bill of major importance has found its way to the statute book have been rare. But any private member, if he can muster the initial support of more than 20 members for raising an issue of national importance and get the Speaker to regard it as such, can, between the end of daily routine proceedings and Government business, initiate a debate upon this subject.

Then, when the orders of the day are called, any member can rise and interrogate the Prime Minister about some national problem or demand from other Ministers an explanation of some action of their Department.

A private member can also move for the production of official correspondence and all relevant records about a matter in which he is interested. He can, in the time allotted to private members, move resolutions on almost any subject, and on November 27 no fewer than 30 such resolutions adorned the order paper.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

122nd Annual Statement

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Established 1832

H. L. ENMAN, *President* — C. SYDNEY FROST, *General Manager*

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED
$25,000,000

CAPITAL PAID-UP *$15,000,000* — *RESERVE* *$33,000,000*

Condensed General Statement as at 31st October, 1953

ASSETS

Cash, clearings and due from banks	$174,653,009
Government and other public securities not exceeding market value	188,137,706
Other bonds and stocks, not exceeding market value	21,424,357
Call loans (secured)	42,927,750
Other loans and discounts (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	495,403,336
Liabilities of customers under acceptances and letters of credit (as per contra)	19,156,871
Bank premises	23,364,659
Other assets	561,185
	$965,628,873

LIABILITIES

Notes in circulation	$ 32,810
Deposits	895,421,085
Acceptances and letters of credit outstanding	19,156,871
Other liabilities	1,049,084
Capital paid-up	15,000,000
Reserve fund	33,000,000
Dividends declared and unpaid	905,716
Balance of profits, as per Profit and Loss Account	1,063,307
	$965,628,873

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Special weekly rate includes lodging, meals, Ski School and lift tickets! Weeks commencing: Dec. 20; Jan. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, 28; Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28; Apr. 4, 11.

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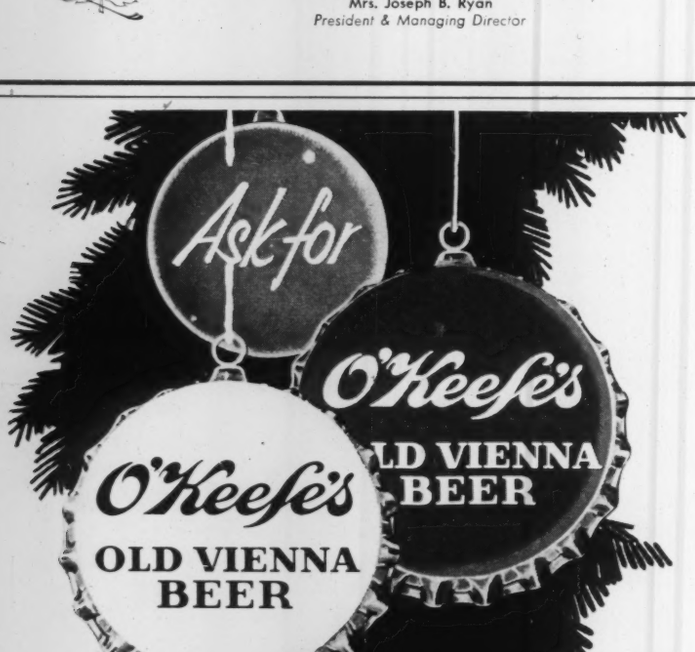
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan
President & Managing Director



O'Keefe's

OLD VIENNA BEER

L54-1A

The Social Scene

The Execution

THE SPECTATORS possessing black-edged passes to the hanging of Charles Matthews, better known as Sonny Jones, the boxer, filed past the guards at one minute to midnight in Vancouver's Oakalla Prison to assemble in the bare, low-roofed cement chamber illuminated by one light bulb. The lowness of the roof induced claustrophobia. The place was strictly utilitarian. It had been built as a kind of shelf over an old elevator shaft. Over the scrubbed wooden boards of the trap-door hung the new yellow rope, seemingly thick enough to hold a battleship.

Thirty seconds after the seventeen of us had gathered behind a portable barricade, Sonny Jones, a young, slim colored man in blue denims, his hands tied behind his back, walked in with the Reverend Arthur Risby, pastor of the Standard American Church. We had heard their approach through the corridors of the prison. "Good-bye, good-bye," Jones was calling, and the prisoners in their cells shouted their farewells back to him. Then the door shut.

Both men sank to their knees beside the executioner. The gentle little pastor intoned the burial service, while Jones, staring at the floor with big round eyes, mumbled rapidly: "Please look upon me, dear God. I love you just as you love me."

The prayers ended. The hangman adjusted a strap around Jones's legs just above the knees, slipped a black hood over his head and fitted the noose. The trap was sprung. Jones disappeared.

"Visitors this way!" called a guard. The door opened, and we were greeted at once with a chorus of obscenities from the prisoners who had heard the clatter of the sprung trap.

Sonny Jones had committed a brutal murder, killing a Mrs. Los Angelese Smith last March, and hammering another woman severely. The public, the prisoners, and the Press knew no defence for a maniac of whom one man said: "Black man jump out of jungle; but jungle no jump out of black man." At the back of the minds of the men who were present this midnight was more than the vague disquiet revealed by those prisoners' shouts of "Sons of bitches!" and "Murderers!" The obscenities were irrelevant to the issue, but no more emphatic, though in a different category of intelligence, than some of the remarks made by witnesses.

The Sheriff of New Westminster, for instance, has the duty of issuing the black-bordered admittance cards. Any man can call at his office and demand a ticket. He gives them, but with the remark, "Why you want to go, I just can't figure . . . "

The reporters, a little green about the gills, made bad, nervous jokes and fidgeted about in the period of waiting before midnight. A radio played jauntily somewhere in the prison. One reporter said: "We live in an efficient world on the whole, but we use a crude mediaeval method — the rope. You would think we'd never heard of the hypo needle. The rope and trap-door method is a little less efficient than an old-fashioned mousetrap."

The public wrote letters to the newspapers and said in the cafés, "I hope he was so doped-up that they had to carry him in."

All this, and the savage tumult of foul words from the prisoners, added up to a trend. But hear Hugh Christie, Governor of Oakalla Prison, and one of the most outspoken penologists in Canada, white-faced himself ten minutes after the death of Sonny Jones: "I believe there is an adequate alternative to hanging. But the law is the law, and while it is I try to do my duty as quickly and humanely as possible."

The man who pulled the lever and adjusted the rope was Camille Branchaud, a portly, highly professional man wearing a dark grey suit. He had changed headgear, from a neat fedora to a black beret, when he entered the prison. In his hand he carried the new strap while waiting for midnight. He was polite and dignified as I was introduced. "Enchanté," I said, and bowed. After Jones disappeared from our view, he stood looking down the pit, to see that all was well. The perfectionist.

The pastor, Arthur Risby, had done much to solace the doomed man in his last hours, and was perhaps responsible for Jones's quietness. Four times Jones had tried ineffectively to commit suicide in the weeks of waiting; in the last week he was calmer. Risby, too, had introduced the sister of his former girl-friend, spectacled Eunice Bowen, into the prison to visit him that last day. Now, as he knelt by the side of the pit with the boxer, his words were drowned out by Jones's babble of prayer, pouring out of him as if he had to get the words of supplication out in time. The two men, pastor and supplicant, were in strict contrast to the ghastly chorus outside the closed door. And the effect of the guards with their backs turned to the pit, the shadow of the great rope, and the speed and efficiency of the procedure, seemed to daze and terrify the little clergyman.

THE LAST SCENE to meet the living eyes of Sonny Jones, and the last sounds to clatter about his still-receptive ears, might be represented as a cross-section of the society that had now had enough of him, for here were the Church, the Law, the Press and the public. He had served this society after a fashion in his livelihood of

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skilled and controlled violence, and as a fair boxer, his face had become familiar to tens of thousands of newspaper readers. Now, this society had been offended by an act of savage passion. The rope and the old elevator shaft were this society's violent, almost makeshift reply.

At half past twelve the inquest was held, and the elderly, bumbling coroner, like a character in an English movie, heard the doctor's evidence. The Judge's sentence had been that Jones should be hanged by the neck until he was dead. It had taken 12 minutes for this to be accomplished. It was the average time before the heart stopped beating.

Past the coroner's court, a white-sheeted stretcher was being wheeled rapidly out of the prison to a hearse. A local undertaker had taken over the slim, sinewy form of Matthews, or Sonny Jones, and was hustling him off to a pauper's grave in the cemetery. "We often cremate them if the relatives don't claim the body," said one undertaker. I asked about the urn containing the ashes. "There isn't one," he said. "The ashes are kind of scattered around the place."

By 12.45, most people had gone home. The Church, the meek little pastor, climbed into a sedan. The Law — Sheriff and Governor and Guards, called good-night to each other. Camille, the hangman, put his black beret in his overcoat pocket and clapped his fedora on his bullet head, smiled and departed to fulfil another assignment. The Press had begun to work. The last obscenity had been shouted from the packed cells. The radio was turned off. The execution was complete.

ROLAND WILD

•

Death of an Old Man

Lean his spade against the wall;
Hang his fork upon the rack;
For he whose salt is in their wood
Will not be back.

Sell his mares and sell his sheep,
Sell his cattle, one by one;
For he who felt their breath is gone,
His work is done.

Open wide his humble door,
Let the good relations in;
Now fight among you for what's left—
His kith and kin.

"He was such an honest man—
Worked his fingers to the bone;
This clock he left, at death, to me—
To me alone."

Jerk the sheets from where he slept;
Pull the quilts from both the beds;
Rip them, wranglingly, and take
Your share of shreds.

Bargain for the cheapest stone
And a coffin low in price;
A cheap plot for a dead man's bed
Will quite suffice.

Auction off his little farm;
Split the money; go your way;
Top the hill and there forget
This funeral day.

DEAN HUGHES

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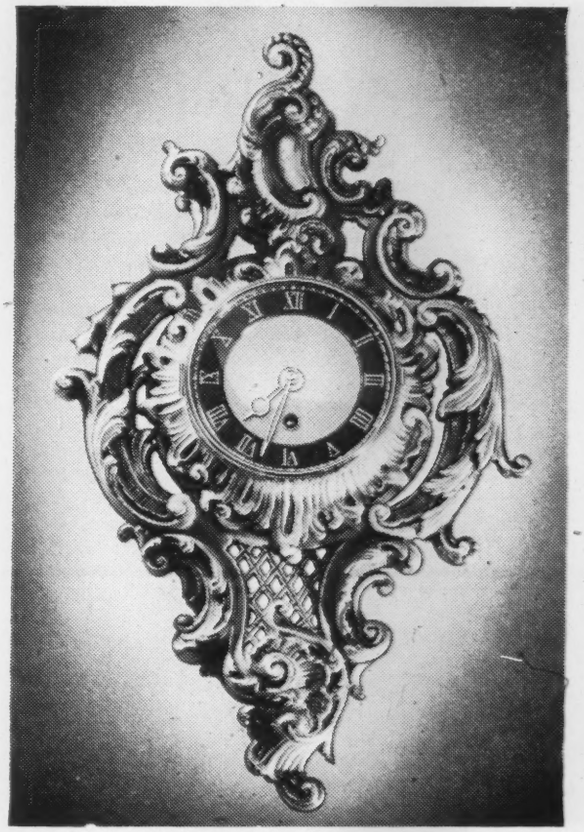

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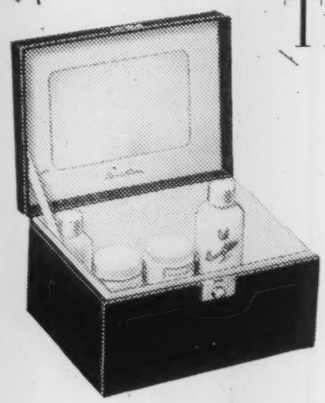

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Lighter Side

The Man Who Came To Dinner

MY FRIEND MISS A. pushed Minnie the cat out of her favorite chair and sat down herself. "The whole thing is outrageous," she said. "The Canadian Government should deal firmly with both Mr. Gouzenko and the United States Internal Security Subcommittee."

"Well, the situation is a little difficult," I said. "Mr. Gouzenko is rather in the position of the man who came to dinner and then broke his leg and had to stay on."

"You mean Mr. Gouzenko broke his leg?" Miss A. said.

"Of course not," I said. "It was Monty Woolley who broke his leg. I mean, it was this character that Monty Woolley played who broke his leg and —oh, well, skip it."

Miss A. considered. "It wouldn't hurt my feelings if this character Herbert Dexter Hoover broke his leg either."

"Look, it isn't Herbert Dexter Hoover," I said. "It's Edgar Hoover, the head of the FBI. He's the one who said that the appointment of Harry Dexter White to the International Monetary Fund had Canadian approval while at the same time this Canadian source was passing on information that Harry Dexter White was a Soviet agent."

Miss A. sighed. "It's terribly confusing, isn't it?" she asked; and I said you could drive yourself crazy thinking about it.

"Where did this Source, whoever he was, get this information?" she asked after a moment.

"Who knows?" I said. "Maybe out of Whittaker Chambers's pumpkin. Maybe out of Judith Coplon's handbag. Anyway, it didn't come out of Mr. Gouzenko's briefcase because Mr. Pearson says that was cleaned out years ago."

"In any case Mr. Gouzenko should stay right where he is or there's bound to be trouble," Miss A. said.

"Well, you know how it is," I said. "If you're an involuntary guest over a certain length of time, there's always difficulty. The hostess gets upset, the guest gets bored and irritable and starts calling everybody Miss Bedpan—"

Miss A. looked aghast. "Do you mean to say Mr. Gouzenko has been going round calling people Miss Bedpan?"

"Oh, good Heavens, no," I said. "It was Monty Woolley who called people Miss Bedpan."

"I'm afraid I haven't got this very clear," Miss A. said. "Is the Internal Security Subcommittee calling on Monty Woolley to testify?"

"No, no, no," I said. "Monty Woolley is the actor who played the man who came to dinner. Igor Gouzenko is the man who came to dinner and who apparently wants to be an actor."

"An actor!" Miss A. cried. "The man just can't be himself to dream of such a thing."

"I guess that's the trouble with poor Mr. Gouzenko," I said. "He hasn't been himself for seven years. Maybe he just wants to recover his identity."

"Well, it shouldn't be allowed," Miss A. said, and added, quoting from her favorite editorial writer, "Canada owes it to herself to take a stand. She must speak plainly to Washington and say that from now on she will have nothing to do with gutter politics—"

"But you can't talk that way to the neighbors!" I said. "I mean supposing you had a famous personality staying with you and the neighbors decided to give a party for him without inviting you, would you think you owed it to yourself to go and throw dead cats in their backyard?"

"I would," Miss A. said.

"Look," I said persuasively. "Wouldn't it be nicer to write a little note saying that while you appreciated their attention to your guest, the fact was he hadn't been himself for seven years and maybe it would be better if he just stayed quietly at home. You could say you'd be very glad to have the party at your house, and while you couldn't promise anything sensational by way of entertainment you were sure everybody would have a pleasant time just chatting about old times, and in any case there'd be a couple of Mounties round to add color—"

"It would be a lot simpler just to let him go to their old party," Miss A. said.

"It probably wouldn't be simpler for Mr. Gouzenko," I said. "As I remember it, the man who came to dinner met with an accident the minute he stepped outside the door."

Miss A. stared at me musingly a moment. Then she said, "You know, I'm terribly sorry to think of Monty Woolley being in trouble with the FBI."

"But Mr. Woolley was never in trouble with the FBI," I said. "That was Harry Dexter White."

"Then why did the Internal Security Subcommittee ask Mr. Woolley to testify?" Miss A. asked.

I spent the rest of the visit trying to convince Miss A. that Mr. Woolley's politics were as spotless as his famous beard; but I doubt if I made much impression. Once that sort of rumor emerges, even in garbled form, it tends to stick.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Books

Albums, Keepsakes and Table-Books

ONE OF THE pleasant things about the approach of Christmas is that it brings another instalment of that splendid grab-bag called *The Saturday Book*. This publication, having been started in 1941, now makes its thirteenth appearance, and while I do not think that the new volume is quite as good as some in the past, it maintains the high general standard.

This annual volume is a modern version of that favorite Victorian gift the keepsake or table-book. Such books were designed to be pleasing objects in themselves, and to provide varied and delightful fare for occasional reading. They were intended to be left on the table in the drawing-room, for callers or house-guests to look at when they had nothing else to do. They flattered the taste by providing reproductions of interesting pictures, articles on out-of-the-way subjects which might appeal to cultivated people, and stories and verses which were better than ordinary, without being unduly taxing to the mind. In all of these respects *The Saturday Book* follows the Victorian model, and with great success.

The book was the creation of the late Leonard Russell, and it was his simple rule of editorship that anything might find a place in his compilation if it was sufficiently odd or entertaining. An article on cricket considered as a form of mathematics? Certainly! A few notes on handwriting as an art? Of course! Something on the domestic lives of murderers? By all means! A description of training horses for circus work? Why not! And as for illustrations — drawings, paintings, photographs and engravings of all kinds are welcome, if they are unusual in subject or execution.

The current book, with John Hadfield as its editor, offers among other dainties, an excellent article, with fine pictures, on the art of Walter Potter, the humorous taxidermist; some notes about dragons; a piece about that strangely unselfconscious versifier The Great McGonagall; and a good article about doorways. My favorite piece in the book is an essay called Cardinalia, which discusses those extraordinary pictures, often seen in the shops of picture-dealers in Canada, which show Cardinals in the handsome robes of their kind, playing cards, drinking wine, taking snuff, hearing music, and having a high old time in general. I have often wondered who painted these pictures, why they did so, and what sort of people bought them. John Fleming informs me on all these points, and I am grateful to him for my curiosity would never have enabled me to find out these things for myself. I was shaken to my foundations (though people who do not like me say that these are not deep and shake all too readily) by Daniel George's survey of the year's literature; this is somewhat specialized fun, but if you read a few literary journals, like SATURDAY NIGHT, it will amuse you. Altogether, this thirteenth volume is a success, and if you know *The Saturday Book* you may buy it for yourself, or to give away, with confidence. If you do not know it, I hope that the foregoing description will lead you to give it a try.

Of course, it is English fun, and there are people who do not like that sort of amusement. If that is so, I recommend another table-book which is markedly American, and of the best sort of American humor; it is *The Steig Album*, and it is a collection of the drawings of that murky genius, William Steig.

I do not call him a murky genius idly; his jokes reach so deep into the mind of man that some of them suggest pre-natal fantasy. This is not a book for people who like picture-jokes about fat sultans with droves of beautiful wives in filmy pyjamas, or who are moved to hysterics by pictures of elderly employers holding beautiful secretaries on their laps. Some of the best of Steig's pictures are in the series called "Small Fry"; these are apparently simple drawings of child life and child fantasy, and they are very funny; but there is a quality of perceptiveness in all of them which robs them of sentimentality, or of that quality of softening which so often appears in pictures of children drawn by adults; these are children as they might be seen by a very wise and understanding child.

ON THE SAME understanding of children is shown nakedly, and often with a quality which inspires terror, in a series called "The Agony In The Kindergarten". Here, in what appear superficially to be very crude drawings, we are shown the humiliation, embarrassment and downright agony of the misunderstood child grappling with the adult world. You don't think that funny? Of course it is not funny in the sense that you laugh once and forget the pictures; but it is funny in that it captures and gives eloquent expression to part of the predicament of human life; these are the children who will grow up to be the adults that Steig shows us in the series "Till Death Do Us Part" and "All Embarrassed". Steig's vision of life is not a jolly or high-hearted one, but it is genuinely funny, for all that. His pictures have a quality which reminds me of William Blake, not for any similarity in draughtsmanship, but for the way in which they present an idea and a state of feeling, stripped of anything which might obscure it.

Because it is impossible to describe one form of expression adequately in terms of another, it is hard to put in words what makes Steig's pictures funny. Almost everything that can be

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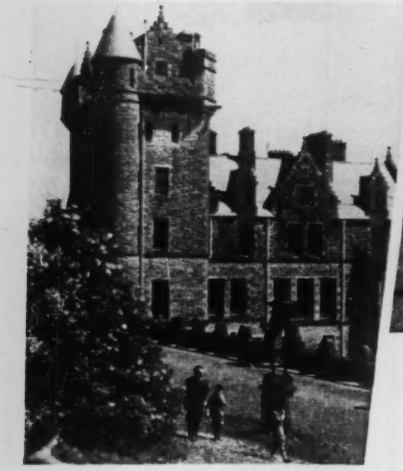

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said of them in direct description suggests that they are at best wry in feeling, and at worst downright alarming. Yet they are funny, all the same. In me they produce an attentive and concentrated calm, more often than laughter, but when I have looked at a lot of them I am conscious of a refreshment which only humor on a very high level can bring. Further, when I have looked through his book once I can immediately look through it again, and on the following day I am ready to go back to it. The longer I look at these pictures, the more I see. Here is a table-book and a keepsake for you and your friends, but not for your Auntie Bessie, who thinks that everybody is really very nice, if you can only get to know them. Steig, we are powerfully aware, knows at least half of them only too well.

My third table-book is called "an essay in graphic history" and it is a wonderful volume called *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*. Here, in a magnificent series of photographs and drawings, we are shown the growth of a city, and the development of its urban spirit and its population, from 1626 until the present day. It would have been easy, given such a theme, to produce an elaborate hotch-potch which would have been acceptable enough, for no collection of pictures on such a theme could fail completely. But John A. Kouwenhoven has not included a single picture which appears to me to be irrelevant, or repetitious, or of less than first-rate interest; as there are about a thousand pictures in the book, this is a notable feat. Further, all these pictures are most beautifully reproduced.

The compiler says that the book's technique is frankly experimental, and so it is, but the experiment is admirably justified. The method will be widely copied, but unless Mr. Kouwenhoven's *flair* can also be reproduced, the copies will not rival this work. In particular I must write in praise of the informative, sober, admirably literate captions and notes which are attached to the pictures. This may seem unnecessary, and perhaps insulting, but anyone who has examined many modern books of pictures knows how often the captions are compiled without the qualities which I have specified. It is as though the writers, believing that a picture is worth any quantity of words, had prepared the words in their sleep. But not in this book. It is a picture-book, of course, but its prose content is a joy.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE SATURDAY BOOK 13—pp. 320 and many fine illustrations—*McGraw-Hill*—$5.50.

THE STEIG ALBUM—pp. 318—*McLeod*—$5.00.

THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK—by John A. Kouwenhoven—pp. 534 of superb photographs in colour and monochrome—*Doubleday*—$23.00.

High and Lifted Up

IN THE SPRING Book Supplement of this journal a short survey was made of recent books on climbing, particularly in the Himalayas. Since then Everest has been conquered. While no exhaustive account of that epic has yet reached this reviewer, in book form, nor has there been any new published thrill to match *Annapurna*, two mind and spirit-stirring books are at hand this month, well worth the attention of anybody interested in mountains, courage and feats of climbing. Both are published in England.

The Story of Everest is an excellent and reliable account of the expeditions, eight British and two Swiss, from 1921 (Mallory's first try) to the present year. The unsuccessful Swiss expedition undertaken last spring is reported and analyzed, and the story of Hunt, Hillary and Sherpa Tensing's climb to the top is included. Mr. Murray has not only a knowledge of the ground—he was deputy leader of the 1951 Everest reconnaissance—he has also a great experience of mountaineering and a deep feeling for mountains which he can vividly translate in plain, emotive records.

Murray makes this observation in discussing the first successful ascent of Everest: "From the very beginnings of Himalayan climbing up to and including the present day (and from one end of the range to the other), mountaineers have shown a tendency to underestimate their problems and to make their final assaults from a camp placed too low. That error has been made not only on the greatest mountains, but also on those of medium size. The result is that the assault party suffers defeat either from exhaustion or lack of time. On Everest no high camp until 1953 had ever been placed high enough."

The book is wonderfully and beautifully illustrated. There is one photograph showing the "Footprint of Abominable Snow Man", taken on the Melung Glacier, November, 1951.

The other book, all too briefly to be noted here, for it is a good one and of remarkable interest, is called *Seven Years In Tibet*. It is by Heinrich Harrer, an Austrian skier and climber who became a prisoner of war in 1939—trapped in high India by world events. He finally escaped from internment by crossing the Himalayas into Tibet. His seven years there followed, among mountains rather than on them, although before the war he had taken part in notable climbing expeditions in the Far East. Now he became tutor to the young Dalai Lama.

Tibet is a country of great and remote peaks, of strange gods and customs and people. Is the nature of Tibet part of the fascination which the Himalayas hold for climbers? What place has Mao Tse-tung and his armored cars in that world of Lamas, holy high cities, the beating of great bird wings over Lhasa in the clear cold moonlight and "a people whose will to live in peace and freedom has won so little sympathy from an indifferent world"? It is an exhilarating and sensitive book, beautifully outlandish for its photography, too. The translation from the German is by Richard Graves and it is introduced by Peter Fleming.

T. J. ALLEN

THE STORY OF EVEREST—by W. H. Murray—*Dent*—$3.00.

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET—by Heinrich Harrer—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.35.

The True North, Strong Not Free

AMERICA IS WITHIN you, it has been said long ago. If you so believe, your heart must now be centred on the polar star, for all that is left of the old idea of America is the formidable Arctic of this continent. If you yearn to explore or to be alone with God on earth; if you want to wrest riches from high adventure or to realize the unknowable, go North, young man; go North, old seer. For the North holds the physical challenge of daring action and also the vacuum for severe contemplation. It is the last America.

The northern wastes challenge mind, heart and spirit, as America did of old. Concomitant with the philosophic, psychological, and scientific lure of the Arctic is the economic and political force of the idea. So it was four centuries ago when men's minds were stirred by lands beyond western civilization. The external lure was gold, trade, colonies, missionary and scientific exploitation. Even the North-West Passage of that day has its parallel course in the northern air routes of this era, for trade, for manoeuvre and possibly for conquest.

These are the national and international implications of the last frontier. As formerly, they must take fire in individual men's minds, for always America is created by personal daring and endeavor and it is because of this that any new world, any frontier life is democratic, for men create their own authority there, recognizing in their hearts none other on earth.

So the Arctic today is flushed with importance and books on the Arctic are popular. It is the area of fantasy and the fantastic, of high endeavor and the promise of rich rewards. It has the appeal, too, of being far from the madding crowd; today's ivory tower is roofed with snow.

Of four new books on the North which engage the interest and make capital of the current popularity of the subject, the most direct in its appeal is a book of photographs, *Northern Exposures*. Some of the pictures are of the near North, down to Ontario and the Laurentians. All make a strong and beautiful exposition, whether of scenes or persons: the Eskimo face of "The Old Mischief" shows that the polar regions have humor as well as hardness.

The photographer, Richard Harrington, does this service: his photographs unite the North as even tourists motoring out of Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg know it, and as prospectors, explorers, Hudson's Bay Company traders and RCAF weather station sentinels know it. This outstanding Canadian documentary photographer has the wit and experience to realize that most of Canada, even in its southern reaches, is land of the true North. Its hold even now is upon us. The North is our familiar.

The next book under review, titled simply *North*, is by Kaare Rodahl. It is a disappointing book because its author's qualifications promise more. The subtitle is "The Nature and Drama of the Polar World". What a reader gets is Dr. Rodahl's placid Scandinavian nature and a kind of touristic drama. This, mind you, notwithstanding Dr. Rodahl's being a Fellow of the Norwegian Polar Institute and of Oslo University, and something of an authority on Arctic medicine and nutrition. The trouble is that the author does not consider that his readers might be more interested in his sober observations as a scientist than in his pleasantries and mild heroics as a passenger on an American plane making the first landing on a floating island of ice and there (with his expert help) establishing an experimental base a few miles from the geographic North Pole.

There are some haunting remarks about the Arctic night and fuzzy hatches on his mental map of the polar regions, characteristic of many wayfarers in the far North, lines which only vaguely recognize national frontiers. The North is no man's land save northerners' own. There is a freemasonry among the people who go there. Since many of them now go from or at the expense of the U.S. (either of its armed services or of societies like the National Geographic or Polar Institute) this land of theirs, even if it should happen to be Canada, has more stars and stripes than maple leaves.

THE THIRD BOOK under notice is Clarence C. Hulley's important history of Alaska, and it has also a remarkable independence of national colors except its own—Alaska's. This may be owing in part to Dr. Hulley's being a Canadian—he was raised in Ontario; in part to his having bequeathed his heart and mind to Alaska.

Alaska is, of course, an American dependency but the author writes as if the U.S. were as foreign as Canada. A Canadian reader may suspect even that he admits the Canadian relationship with Alaska more readily than the constitutional connection with the U.S. The Canadian connection is contiguous and the Canada he refers to is the Canada of the North. The American connection is southern and authoritarian. Colonies and settlers always tend to reject the outside authority, whatever social or financial benefits it confers. In Dr. Hulley's case, the emoluments are from the University of Alaska, in which he is head of the department of history and political science; the institution is supported by the U.S. government. *A propos* the Canadian contiguity there is a lively and valuable chapter on the Klondike Gold Rush. The Klondike is in Canada but the author is careful to explain that the gold rush "profoundly affected Alaska". It did.

Many other things affected Alaska, among them the Russians. The Russian era gets a detailed and just treatment, particularly the personalities and enterprises of the Russian American company.

I like this history very much. It has the paraphernalia of a work of sound research, the objectivity and quietness of good scholarship, and the lurking enthusiasm of a zealot for his subject. Alaska is lucky to have a scholar and historian of his quality living in it, a chronicler who can write without

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pedantry and with a balanced humor. There are all sorts of titbits as bright and colorful as northern lights.

The final book in this northern group under review is the most unusual. *Winter* by Cornelius Osgood is the log of a man who spent a whole winter in the far North, isolated from his kind. Where he encountered natives, he met suspicion and unknown tongues. The unusual circumstance of the memoir is that it records the author's emotional experiences of twenty-five years ago. (The date of them, 1928, explains how it was possible for a man to be alone and unheeded around Great Bear Lake; nowadays the place is buzzing with geiger counters and aeroplanes.)

In his narrative the author lays bare a bitterness remembered in tranquillity. The North defeated him; worse, it humiliated his human nature. Yet he learned from the country, so this is not a personal tragedy but a story of that terrible, uncouth land. The incidents are sharply and simply told, the total force being achieved by the chronicle of even trivial detail, without emphasis, without sentiment.

In the spring of 1928 Mr. Osgood went north, not to seek adventure but as a studious ethnographer in the employ of the Canadian Government to conduct research on the lesser known tribes of the Athapaskan Indians. He says in his foreword: "Although the immediate rewards for anthropology were negligible, they were very great for me. I came to know loneliness as some few men know it, the lovely loneliness of limitless land and sky, of snow and trees. And even more, I came upon the truth about a country at a peculiar time—some truth about animals and men. There was reason to tell these things that grew out of the hardship and pain, but bitterness shut my mouth."

The story now told is from his diary, collated with "an almost indelible visual memory". He says of this remembered experience: "Inevitable for the isolated immigrant in the arctic are the autistic fantasies which flood the mind when it is weary and pushed so far beyond functioning consciously that only anxiety remains." It is a distinctive memoir, as revealing of the character of the North as of the writer.

T. J. A.

NORTHERN EXPOSURES—by Richard Harrington, text by Clifford Wilson—pp. 119—*Nelson—$5.00.*

NORTH—by Kaare Rodahl—pp. 255 illustrated—*Musson—$3.75.*

ALASKA 1741-1953—by Clarence C. Hulley—pp. 406 illustrated—*Binfords and Mort—$5.00.*

WINTER by Cornelius Osgood—pp. 255—*McLeod—$4.50.*

You Too May Punctuate

IT IS A SAD fact that a great many literate people, and a number of respected writers (not always the same thing) cannot punctuate. Reputable publishing houses, whether for books or periodicals, customarily keep a member of the staff whose principal duty is to reduce the chaotic punctuation of people who ought to know better to some sort of coherence. Yet punctuation is not really difficult. Anybody with ordinary common sense can learn to punctuate in two hours if he can find a good guide. There can be no better guide than the latest book of the prolific Eric Partridge. It is all about punctuation, and it is a very good book indeed.

I write the above recommendation with a shade of reluctance, for the kind of punctuation Mr. Partridge advocates so winningly is not the kind I like myself. I never had the advantage of a good teacher of punctuation, and I had to pick up my knowledge of punctuation in the gutter, so to speak. The consequence is that I have spent roughly half my life punctuating like an Elizabethan. That is to say, I consider punctuation marks as guides to reading aloud. A comma means a brief pause, a semi-colon a longer pause; for a really pregnant pause I use a colon, and to choke off my reader I use a full stop. For effects of chaos I use dashes and dots. When I desire to nudge my reader intimately I use parentheses. But since reading Mr. Partridge I recognize that this is barbarous, for most people do not read aloud, and I shall sin in this respect no more. In future I shall punctuate according to his system, and I recommend everyone else to do the same. It is an eminently sane, practical system, and it cannot help but clarify the writing of anyone who adopts it.

There is one matter on which I was happy to find myself already in agreement with Mr. Partridge. He is an enemy of double quotation marks, and so am I. For a simple quotation single quotes are enough; if another quotation is imbedded in it, double quotes are obviously required. I have been working on this plan, in my amateurish Elizabethan way, for years. But if the typist permits me to get away with my single quotes, the editor will correct me; and if the editor misses my supposed heresy the proofreader will put me right, according to his notion of correctness. I am glad that Mr. Partridge is on my side, and I hope that in a century or so we shall prevail.

Punctuation in its simple form is easy to learn, and vitally necessary. But punctuation as an art—which Mr. Partridge calls by the appropriate name of "Orchestration" (have I been allowed my single quotes, observant reader?)—is not easy, though it can be learned. Mr. Partridge devotes twelve brilliantly illuminating pages to it. Punctuation on this level is an aspect of a writer's style, and while I do not want to write like an advertisement for a correspondence course, I am impelled to say that anyone who takes the pains to master it will appreciably strengthen and clarify his style.

Here is a first-rate book about punctuation. I hope that it will be very widely used, for it is certainly the best modern book on the subject, superseding even the work of the Fowler brothers. It is clearly and often amusingly written, and I do not see how any serious writer can hope to get on without it. Even those who already punctuate angelically may need occasional refreshing dips into its pages.

R. D.

YOU HAVE A POINT THERE, A New and Complete Guide to Punctuation—by Eric Partridge — pp. 226 and index — *British Books—$2.50.*

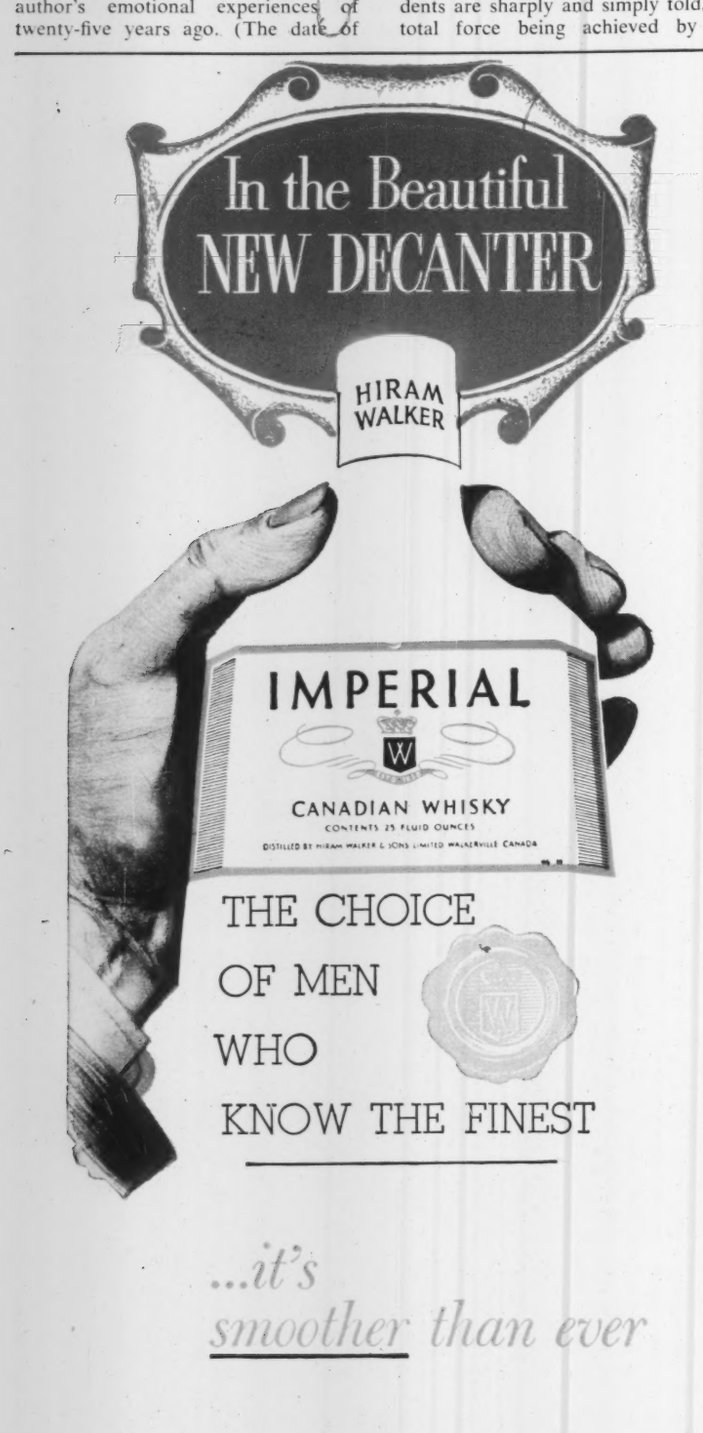
In Brief

THE DOCTORS—by André Soubiran—pp. 441—*Allen—$4.00.*

In considerable detail, this French novel relates the medical training of a young man named Jean Nerac. In spite of the kind of realism which is achieved by descriptions of disease and suffering, the book is sentimental in tone, and the characters are conventional and flat. But a book about a doctor is never a complete failure, and while this one is lacking in literary merit it provides the same kind of satisfaction as a conventional movie about the same theme.

THE HEART OF A PEACOCK—by Emily Carr—pp. 234 and drawings by the author—*Oxford—$3.50.*

Another collection of the writings of the Canadian painter who has so lately been revealed as a writer of power and originality. In part fiction and in part recollection, these stories



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are written in a strong, sinewy prose which is admirably suited to the author's compassionate, astringent, humorous view of life. It is doubtful if anything better has been written about Canadian Indians than two of these pieces, and the book as a whole adds to Emily Carr's already secure reputation as a writer.

DOWN WITH SKOOL—by Geoffrey Willans, notable illustrations by Ronald Searle—pp. 106—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.75.

If there is a school teacher on your Christmas list whom you want to shake right off his hinges, give him a copy of this, tied to a copy of Dr. Neatby's *So Little For The Mind*. An extremely funny book, it offers no crumb of comfort to the pedagogues. It is about English schools and schoolboys, but the barbarity of the young leaps all national boundaries.

FLOW RIVER, BLOW WIND—by Elyne Mitchell —pp. 261—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

With fine literary skill, this Australian writer tells the story of a man who repairs the wreck of his life by living in the ancient rhythms of nature in the beautiful countryside of the Murray Valley. The work of droving, branding, dipping—all the ordinary hard labor of cattle raising, helps to heal the wounds and the confusion of spirit left by the war. The woman for whom he works has lost her husband in the war, and is also seeking to rebuild her world. It is a relief to read a book about Australia by a writer who knows and loves the country and who has not, as is the case with Neville Shute, sought to exploit it as a background for a conventional tale. Particularly recommended to people who want to know something of the real spirit and atmosphere of Australia.

CARUSO — by T. R. Ybarra — pp. 309 — *McLeod*—$5.25.

Written in a tone of frank hero-worship, this book is of small value as a life of Caruso and adds little to what has already been printed. But as an evocation of Caruso's era, and the special atmosphere which he was able to create, it has its place. The photographs remind us that opera is, visually, the funniest of the arts, and the caricatures by Caruso which are also included persuade us that the great singer must have been conscious of this fact.

THE MOON IS SHINING BRIGHT AS DAY—selected by Ogden Nash—pp. 167—*Longmans, Green*—$3.50.

A pleasant anthology of light verse for boys and girls, which would serve as an excellent introduction to poetry.

THE STORY OF SPICES—by J. W. Parry—pp. 196—*Chemical Pub.*—$4.50.

Careful research has provided many enchanting facts which Mr. Parry has not been able to present to advantage. Spices are usually offered to the public in dry form, however.

THE MODERN WRITER AND HIS WORLD—by G. S. Fraser—pp. 343 and index—*Ryerson* —$3.00.

A book which begins by saying that it hopes to provide "a fairly clear guide-book to modern tendencies" must necessarily express a good deal

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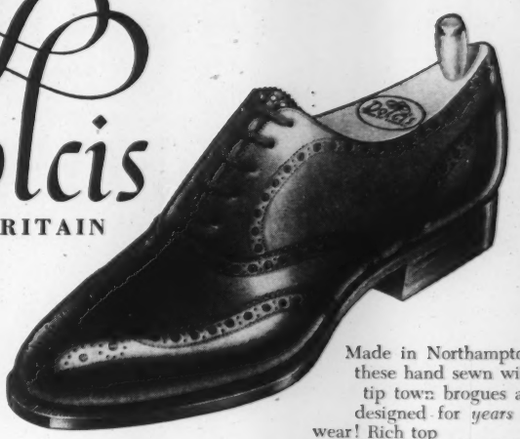

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of personal opinion, and may at times excusably be dogmatic. But although some of the opinions here expressed challenge the attention, the dogmatizing is usually too easily undertaken, and the factual background is too often inaccurate. The book is an expanded series of lectures, delivered at Tokyo University; we suspect that Professor Fraser thought that his students had not read, and would not read, most of the books to which he referred.

FLORENCE DESMOND—by Herself—pp. 296, index and photographs — *Clarke, Irwin — $3.35.*

The writer of this book is known chiefly as an uncommonly gifted impersonator of people in the public eye; the perception which has carried her so far in this branch of acting obviously works in all departments of Florence Desmond's life, and this story of her courageous climb to fame in the theatre is the work of a close observer of people. It is the tale of a busy, varied and interesting life, and she mercifully spares us any of the jejune philosophizing which mars many books of theatrical reminiscence.

FENNY—by Lettice Cooper—pp. 302—*Longmans, Green—$2.50.*

Fine and delicate in feeling, this book is an unsentimental record of human goodness, told with quiet humor. It describes the life of an English governess, living in Italy between 1933 and 1949. Life brings little love to her, but she gives much to others, and develops a philosophy which is strong, yet tender. The author has achieved the uncommon and difficult feat of making goodness attractive without being sentimental, and in presenting an optimistic view of life without being shallow. Recommended.

TREBLE CHANCE — by Paul Chadburn — pp. 245—*Longmans, Green—$2.25.*

High-grade failures are often more interesting than mediocre successes. This novel begins as a satire on the Welfare State, and does wonderfully well for two-thirds of its length, then dwindles toward a happy ending. It is the story of Gromwell, who seeks to escape from modern life into a retreat for failures. The satire is often brilliant, the writing is vigorous, and the prose is rhythmic and musical, but now and then (as in Mr. Kettle's harangue about the necessity for a simpler life, foisted upon the otherwise splendid party scene) the author's material gets on top of his judgment. The author's name smells like a pseudonym, and we may hope for a better-organized novel from him soon, as he plainly has uncommon gifts.

B. E. N.

• •

Worthies of Note

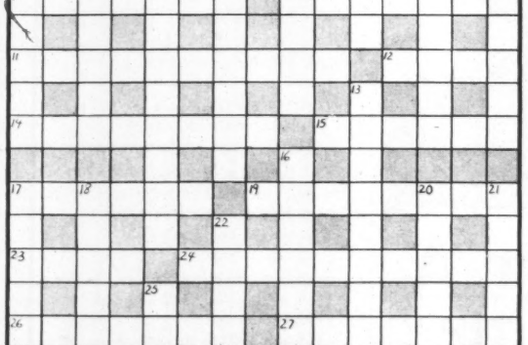
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. The pen I smash is liable to be. (9)
6. See 29. (5)
9. Mother's taken to the bottle. (7)
10. And he's also undoubtedly cleaner. (7)
11. They provide a starry-eyed view of life. (10)
12. He's just the man to make a good turk! (4)
14. Viewed, with but one eye. (8)
15. They beat little Pansy with ease. (6)
17. One who does can't gloat over his rolling-stock. (6)
19. Some dry old sticks might make light of it on the march. (8)
23. Over-ripe for a fairy! (4)
24. Alice was filled with it, no doubt. (10)
26. Shut up! (7)
27. A revolver does stir things up! (7)
28. Put the postscript back to where it belongs. (5)
29. The treble part of 6 across' name, suits him as the "Rosary's" composer. (9)

DOWN

1. They make a striking start to a 19. (7)
2. Is it his damn language that makes him one? (7)
3. They give settlers a build-up when they use their heads outside. (10)
4. Naturally he is when a shove in his middle will knock him down. (8)
5. This lad may grow to be an old crab. (6)
6. See 25.
7. Is it after five or later you expect him? (7)
8. I left a souvenir in a 27d state. (7)
13. It may be a hot grind for a corn that has to go through it. (6, 4)
16. Did Reade find it tough getting money for this novel? (4, 4)
17. Found in a street-cleaner's trash-can. (7)
18. I cure Al of a cavity in a hearty way. (7)
20. It starts to repeat. (7)
21. I prithee, turn over the rent. Eat I must! (7)
22. What two is briefly, here stick together. (6)
25, 6 down. He made a gangster go down on his knees, perhaps, at the Royal Conservatory of Music. (4, 4)



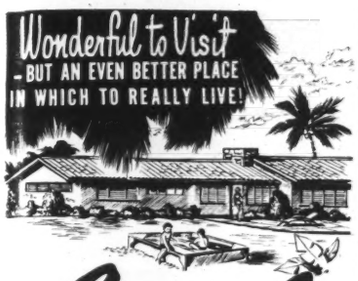
Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4. The Sea Around Us
9. Immure
10. Whitman
12. Easterners
14. Ends
16. Sea-Drift
18. Shut up
21. Fiends
22. Chaplain
24. Saps
25. Main Street
28. Ranking
29. Indoor
31. Messmate
32. Conrad

DOWN

1, 1 across. Toilers of the Sea
2. Elm 3. Eyrie
5. Rowers 6. Unit
7. Demonstrate
8. Sinks 11. Knife
13. Sea serpents.
15. Ship 17. Ride
19. Punctured
20. China
23. Target
24. Serum
26. Tango
27. Firm
30. Our



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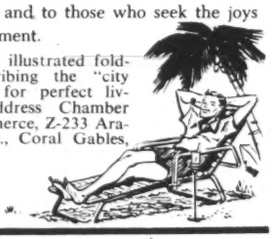

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Chess Problem

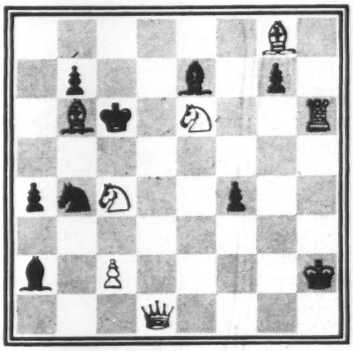
RETURNING to the realm of two-move task problems, we see that the white Knight can give five direct mates, while six have actually been achieved by the use of obtrusive white Bishops. To realize the five mates, it is essential for the black King to have the four star-pattern flights. The Knight is the firing piece of a three-fold complex battery, with the action indirect. A specimen, probably the first, was composed by H. W. Barry in 1903 as follows:

White: K on QKt8; Q on KR2; Rs on KKt4 and KR5; Bs on QB4 and KB8; Kts on QB1 and K5; Ps on QR4, QKt2, QKt5, Q3, K6 and KB2. Black: K on QB4; Kts on K2 and KB5. Mate in two.

1.B-Kt3, waiting. If K-Kt3; 2.Kt-B4 mate. If K-Kt5; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If K-Q3; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If K-Q5; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If Kt-Q4; 2.Kt-Q7 mate.

Barry was an Irishman, born in Cork in 1875, but he lived most of his life in Dorchester, Mass. He gave considerable attention to complex batteries, in which one firing piece is used, with two or more rear pieces. In 1901 he won first prize, La Stratégie, with our diagrammed two-mover.

Problem No. 43, by H. W. Barry
Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.
White mates in two.

W. H. Thompson was a Scottish composer who achieved much in early tasks; he has twenty-four examples in Alain White's "Tours de Force." He was born in Aberdeen in 1873. The five direct Knight mates also had his attention:

White: K on QKt5; Q on Q1; Rs on K2 and KKt4; Bs on QB1 and QB6; Kts on K3 and KB4; Ps on QKt2, K6, KB5, KB6, KR4 and KR5. Black: K on K4; Kt on Q7; P on QB2. Mate in two.

1.R-Kt5, waiting, with variations similar to Barry's example. Kt-K5 is the fifth defensive play.

Solution of Problem No. 42.

Key-move 1.QxP, waiting. If R-K7 or R-B6; 2.KxKtP mate. If R-K6 or R-B7; 2.B-Kt6 mate. If B-K7 or B-K6; 2.R-K5 mate. If B-B7 or B-B6; 2.KxBP mate. Other mates accordingly.

"CENTAUR."

•

Tuesday evening at the Winter Fair. Will the red head wearing a blue dress and cream coat who has not been to New York please call ME. 8654.—*Personal column in the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

And me! EM 3-7361.

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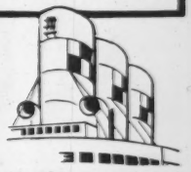

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ALTOMAC URANIUM

MINES LIMITED

The property, which comprises 27 claims (approximately 1,350 acres), is located in the Marian River uranium area, approximately 90 miles northwest of the Town of Yellowknife, N.W.T., and "straddles" the main Marian River fault for a distance of 5 miles. This fault is known for its uranium-bearing ore—see page No. 61, Volume 2504, a report by Dr. A. H. Lang of the Dominion Government—"Canadian Deposits of Uranium and Thorium."

At the property of ALTOMAC, there are actually 14 distinct and separate radioactive zones, located along its entire length of 5 miles. Work, to date, has been concentrated on just two of these zones.

The number one zone has an average width of approximately 40 feet, and an indicated length of 1,500 feet. It has been completely opened up for a length of 453 feet, and is highly radioactive throughout.

The number two zone is from 60 to 75 feet wide, and has an indicated length of 1,600 feet.

A series of pits have been put down on the number one zone. Before the freeze-up period, eight 5' channel samples were shipped from the property for assay. Uranium values per ton (uranium at $7.25 per lb.), are as follows:

$133.40	$174.00	$355.25	$205.90
$218.95	$ 71.05	$400.20	$243.60

In view of these high values, a diamond drilling program was immediately put into operation; consisting of a series of shallow, short-spaced holes.

Several drill holes have been completed, and before the "Freeze-up," the company was successful in shipping, from the property, the drill cores from the first four holes.

Assay values (uranium at $7.25 per lb.) are as follows:

Hole No. 1	returned	$ 2.90	for a core length of 5 feet.
Hole No. 2	"	$292.41	" " " " " 4½ "
Hole No. 3	"	$274.10	" " " " " 4 "
Hole No. 4	"	$429.20	" " " " " 4 "

Diamond drilling is continuing and a crew is also engaged in general prospecting, etc. Additional core samples and information can be expected within the next 2 weeks.

ALTOMAC URANIUM MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

25 Melinda Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

The Backward Glance

45 Years Ago This Week

IT'S VERY UNLIKELY that you are giving somebody a player piano this Christmas, but SATURDAY NIGHT for Dec. 12, 1908, advertised the R. S. Williams's "New Scale Williams," "Simplex" and "Webster" player pianos from $450 to $1000 apiece. Used pianos could be had for as low as $85, and Victor gramophones ranged from $10 to $240. In those days, and for many years afterwards, skates were sold minus the boots, and the C.C.M. ad showed a pair of Automobile Skates ready to screw on to your boots. To those of you who have never struggled with loose skate-screws on a pond in zero degree weather, we say you've never lived, kids! One strange thing we noticed about the Christmas goods 45 years ago was that paper Christmas bells, holly wreaths, tissue paper wreathing, etc., cost more in those days than they do now, but Christmas crackers and Christmas stockings were much cheaper, according to the Michie & Co. advertisement.

The Julian Sale Store advertised gifts for men such as leather collar bags (and there won't be many of *those* sold this year) and ebony military brushes, ranging in price from $1.50 to $9.00 a pair. The best billfolds were obtainable in those days for $4.00. For the ladies were such items as genuine alligator hand bags, $4.00 to $30.00 and strap handle purses from $1.00 to $5.00. (There was no nonsense then about hard-totally prices like $3.89 and $4.95.)

The Gillette safety razor cost $5.00 in 1908, compared with its low price today, but you could buy the missus a genuine wild mink "tie" for $35 and $45 and a wild mink stole for only $65.

The Christmas book selections in 1908 contained *A Spirit In Prison* by Robert Hichens, *The Elusive Pimpernel*, by Baroness Orczy, *The Wild Geese* by Stanley Weyman, *Salthaven* by W. W. Jacobs, *The Governors* by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and *The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne* by Joseph Hocking. Another book that was advertised was Robert E. Knowles's *The Web of Time*, and it was with considerable surprise that we realized that the author was the same man who got us our first job in 1929, at the *Toronto Daily Star*. Although Mr. Knowles was an old man when he took us under his paternal wing in our first job, we never realized that he had been a highly successful author so long before.

The vitamin tablet was as unknown in 1908 as the atomic bomb, but Bovril advertised its product under the heading: "Why Business Men Should Take Bovril," and used a quotation from Herbert Spencer to back it up. The Spencerian philosophy was that, "without meat the brain was neither so able, so active, nor so clear as with it." The ad went on to say, "Meat contains the specific elements which feed the brain centres and give mental power and stamina." They may not have imprisoned their vitamins in little brown pills or pink capsules early in the century, but they had them just the same.

At The Princess Theatre was a musical show, "The Newlyweds and Their Baby." This musical play was founded on Geo. McManus's cartoons in the New York *World*, so the advertisement says. We wonder if it could have dealt with the early married life of "Maggie" and "Jiggs," and what Maggie looked like in those days. Perhaps if we wait a little while longer we'll see it revived on TV.

The *dernier cri* in women's dresses that year was the "directoire costume," a voluminous outer garment seemingly constructed of velvet, and containing enough of the stuff to outfit five Sir Walter Raleighs. High on the waist was a cummerbund affair with a long tassel like a Victorian bell-rope. SATURDAY NIGHT illustrated, with a series of six photographs, the difficulties a properly dressed young lady would have raising the garment from the ground. The model certainly got herself into some queer positions, but after she had finally succeeded in lifting the thing an inch or two, all we saw was a spavined ankle contained in a black lisle stocking. At that we were probably luckier than the young bloods of 1908.

—ALTOMAC—
Uranium Mines Limited
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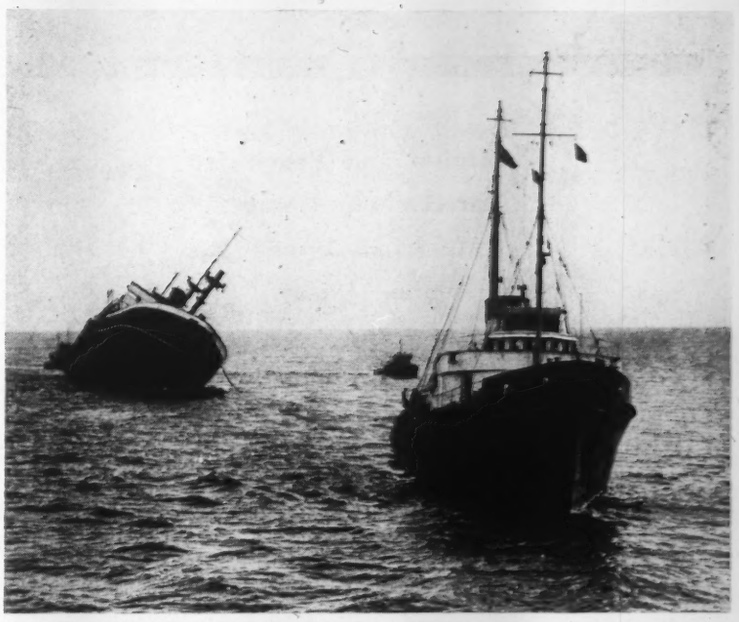
Business

Adventuring for Profit Against Loss at Sea

By F. G. RUTLEY



THE TUG Foundation Josephine towed the SS Leicester, listing badly, 850 miles to safety in Bermuda.

MARINE SALVAGE is the saving from peril of a ship, with its personnel and cargo. Its rules and traditions have come down through the years and British maritime law is its Bible. It is a highly complicated business calling for an intimate knowledge of ship construction, navigational hazards in the area of operation, marine insurance and marine law. It entails being on the job 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

Foundation Maritime Limited, with head office in Halifax, N.S., is a wholly-owned subsidiary of The Foundation Co. of Canada Limited. This company operates a tug docking service in the ports of Halifax, NS, and Port Alfred, Que., an ocean towing service and a marine salvage service covering the St. Lawrence River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and the ocean lanes in the North Atlantic converging on these parts of Canada.

The various types of casualties to be dealt with in the marine salvage business are disablements, abandonments, collisions, strandings any place along the east coasts of Canada, and ship fires. Various other services may be required, such as cargo recovery from sunken vessels, the clearing of sunken vessels from channels and ports and the escorting of a semi-disabled ship.

The number of professional marine salvage firms throughout the world is very small. Except in wartime, the profits are not normally commensurate with the risks taken or the money invested. Nevertheless, the professional salvor finds the work a real challenge and there is always the chance that a big profit will be made from some valuable ship which has suffered severely from the whims of the sea.

The successful marine salvage contractor must have the willingness to gamble, the resources to invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in special tugs, salvage equipment, wharves and shops and the experienced personnel trained during a lifetime in the business.

Ocean salvage tugs must fulfil certain requirements—ruggedness, speed, a cruising capacity of five to ten thousand miles, plenty of space for stowing salvage gear and accommodation for a crew of about 25 men. Operating in the North Atlantic in winter, as we do, calls for a rugged craft and a hardy crew. Generally speaking, marine casualties at sea are the result of bad weather, be it gales or fog. The ability to get to the casualty in the shortest possible time, regardless of weather, is a first requisite. Time and again our tugs return to their base in winter covered with ice, but whatever the weather an ocean-going salvage tug must not only find its casualty but bring it to safe harbor as soon as possible. We are all familiar with the expression in a contract "Time is of the essence"; in salvage work, time is paramount.

The salvage tug is equipped with every known communication and navigating aid and must travel at full speed, if possible, through all kinds of weather. She requires long- and short-wave wireless, ship-to-shore telephone and navigational equipment, such as gyro-compass, radar, echo sounder, direction finder and loran.

When a casualty occurs at sea, the captain normally wirelesses his owner stating his difficulty, and we learn of the casualty through the owner, through a representative of the insurance underwriters, or perhaps through our own wireless while at sea. If the casualty is in our territory, we prepare to leave immediately. Any of the crew that are ashore recognize at once the tug's siren and hasten aboard. The ship is always stocked with everything required for a long voyage.

Usually, the captain of the ship in distress is the party with whom we make our contract, although it can be made with the owner or the owner's representative. The contract generally accepted by British and European ships is what is known as "Lloyd's Form Salvage Agreement." This form of contract was evolved by that famous group, Lloyd's of London, and is executed on a "No cure—no pay" basis. If unsuccessful, the salvor gets just what the agreement says—no pay. If successful, and the casualty is delivered to the nearest safe port and no sum is stipulated in the Lloyd's contract, the salvor asks the owners through Lloyd's to post security in an amount which we consider will be adequate to protect our lien for salvage services. After this security is posted, the salvor and ship owner each make a written report to a sole arbitrator appointed by the Committee of Lloyd's. This arbitrator sits in London and makes his award from evidence submitted by both parties.

The amount of the award depends not only on the value of the property salved but also on the degree of service of the salvor. As regards the ship salved, there is the question of the danger to human life, the degree of danger to the ship itself, the value of the ship and cargo salved and the cost of repairing the damage to the ship and cargo. On the salvor's side, consideration is given to the degree of danger to human life on the tug, the skill and conduct of the crew, the value of the property used in the salvage service, the dangers to which this property is exposed and the time and labor expended in the performance of the salvage service. In addition to all this, the arbitrator recognizes the difference between the professional salvor and the occasional salvor; in other words, he recognizes the fact that the professional salvor keeps his tugs in commission fully manned often for long stretches of time awaiting the call from a ship in distress.

The experience and reputation of the sole arbitrator are never questioned, which is a remarkable tribute to British sea traditions and integrity.

The success of a marine salvage contractor evolves around its principal salvage officer, his assistants and crew, along with the tugs and tools you give him with which to operate. Captain Reginald Featherstone, OBE, of Foundation Maritime Limited, has spent a lifetime in the business. Ships that are ashore may be pounded to pieces by storms, but quick action reduces damage to the hull and cargo and may save the ship from total loss. The salvage officer must make decisions instantly and often under nearly impossible conditions.

Every stranding produces different problems. Very often the strandings occur in inaccessible places and, if the salvage tug has not got the necessary ability within itself to perform successfully the salvage operation, the salvage officer must immediately demand whatever he needs, whether it be labor, more tugs, derrick boats, lighters or extra equipment, and the head office must see that his demands are met immediately. It is quite possible that, after he has congregated extra tugs, equipment, material and labor, a storm will come up and cause the casualty to become a total loss. In this case, all the money that has been expended is a loss to the salvage contractor. During a salvage operation the salvage tug maintains continuous communication by wireless with the head office of the salvage company.

FOR THE Canadian professional marine salvage contractor there are many problems which I might list as follows: keen competition from foreign salvage contractors and from occasional salvage contractors; the increasing size of the American-owned or controlled merchant marine and their desire to deal with their own people; the hazards of being in a hazardous business; the length of time elapsing between the completion of a "no cure—no pay" contract and the collection of the award in sterling exchange with the fluctuating pound; the recent reduction in the number of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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Gold & Dross

Dominion Magnesium

I HAVE *200 shares of Dominion Magnesium which cost 14. Do the prospects of this company justify my holding of this stock?—J. F., Welland, Ont.*

The prospects of this company appear to be excellent. Dominion Magnesium earned $498,849 in 1952, or $1.24 per share, against $0.52 per share in 1951. This uptrend in earnings is expected to continue as the use of this light metal expands. In addition to the earnings from magnesium, the production of calcium, ferro-silicon and magnesium fabrications can be an important source of income.

When this stock was last reviewed (April 1), its market action indicated a decline into the 10-12 level was to be expected. After marking a low of 9, it is presently trading at 12½ and appears to be working up to a test of the 14-16 distribution level again.

From the point of view of short-term trading, it would appear advisable to sell your stock above 14 in the expectation of buying back later at a lower price. From the long-term view, with the use of magnesium likely to expand considerably, it seems worth holding and adding to your position for both capital appreciation and eventual income.

General Bakeries

CAN YOU ADVISE *me regarding the present position of this company (I have the last annual report), whether the company is busy and whether their sales are increasing? Can you also advise me regarding the prospects of this company in the future?—O. R., Toronto.*

As this company does not provide quarterly reports it is impossible to give an accurate answer to your first question. However, in reviewing the balance-sheets for the past several years it is apparent that net earnings have maintained a steady uptrend since 1947. With the steady growth of the population in the Toronto, Montreal and other areas served by the company it seems reasonable to expect the trend of sales to continue.

With earnings per share expected at least to equal the $1.10 earned last year it seems possible that the present dividend rate of 20 cents will be improved.

New Delhi

WHAT IS *your opinion of New Delhi Mines Ltd., at its present price of 1.03? Preliminary assays from drilling at Canadian Manganese indicate manganese at slightly better than 7 per cent. In simple terms, what is the importance of this assay in relation to the current market price for this metal? It would seem that considerable financing would have to be done to bring this property into production.—R. S., Toronto.*

From the original gold mining prospect, New Delhi switched first to lead-silver-gold, then to uranium in the St. Mary's Channel area of Saskatchewan, and lately to manganese in New Brunswick.

These manganese assays by themselves mean little until the sink-float heavy-media method of separation, now being experimented with, proves successful in producing a commercial concentrate.

Manganese is, despite reports to the contrary, hardly in short supply. The U.S. Bureau of Mines has reported: "Domestic shipments of manganese increased 35 per cent from last May. Imports of manganese ore, containing 35 per cent or more manganese, continued at a high rate with June shipments received of 301,574 tons. Imports of ferro-manganese were more than four times those of May and the total imports increased by more than 13 per cent."

As total consumption of manganese in the United States in June was only 218,000 tons, it is apparent that supply is comfortably ahead of demand. With the steel production rate below the levels of last June, it is a fair assumption that the supply-demand ratio has swung further to weight the supply side of the equation.

Thus, as always, the fortunes of Canadian Manganese depend upon the basic equation of whether the mineral can be mined profitably in the face of competition for the U.S. market from countries all over the world ranging from the Philippines to India and South Africa.

As the market action has shown, in the recent sharp break from 1.72 to 90 cents, there have been difficulties in the distribution of New Delhi stock to the public. This is borne out by the underwriters' refusal to take down the 200,000 share instalment at $1.25 due November 12.

It would seem that this stock is a sale on rallies.

Hiram Walker

WOULD YOU PLEASE *give an analysis of Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts Ltd. Do you consider this company is attractive from the long term investment angle? — G. A. W., Toronto.*

Any analysis of this company can be summed up in exactly one word: good. In detail, the balance sheet shows that net sales have increased, according to the annual report, from $306,998,430 in 1952 to $337,304,847 in 1953 despite the fact that competition in the liquor industry has been very intensive. The leading brands of this company, according to surveys, have shown a greater percentage of increase than any others in the great United States market. As a result, earnings per share on the 2,896,016 shares outstanding, have improved from $5.43 to $6.62, which more than doubly covered the $3.00 in dividends paid during the fiscal year.

In analysing the balance sheet, the

most prominent fact is that the working capital position of $125,033,139 alone provides an equity in excess of $60 per share. When one considers that the working capital includes $106,261,600 of inventory at cost alone it is very apparent that the shares of this company are selling at a considerable cash discount from their real worth.

From the record of the past decade, it is evident that the conservative and able management of this company has been fully aware of the more than century old traditions of the company while expanding its field of sales. As was noted in the April 11 issue, when we last reviewed this stock, it seems well prepared for another century of growth.

The chart pattern has more than borne out our expectations of possible market action. Despite a very severe decline in the markets in September, the stock held firm above 46 and has since advanced to 48⅞.

In the big New York market, the action has been even better, with the stock pressing against the old high of 50¾ with a close of 50 at the time of writing.

In our previous analysis of the chart action of the stock, a move to 55 was forecast. Considering the very slow movements of major stocks such as this, we are now inclined to the view that the 55 objective could easily be attained and the move could extend to 60. Even at 60 the present dividend rate of $3.00 plus an extra of $0.75 would provide a conservative yield of 6.25 per cent.

Thus the only recommendation we can give for this stock is buy and hold for both capital appreciation and generous yield over the long term. Purchases should be made on sharp declines in the New York market to fit in with long term "dollar averaging" programs. Traders should anticipate a move through 51 in New York for a sharp advance to 55.

General Products "A"

I SHOULD LIKE *your opinion of General Products "A"—F. R. Strathroy, Ont.*

General Products is in effect a holding company with a number of well diversified subsidiaries. Among these are Supersilk Hosiery Mills, Metal Fabricators, and Standard Tube. The last company fabricates various types of steel tubing. The Langmuir Paints division was recently sold to British Paints Ltd., but details of the sale are as yet unavailable.

We must depend upon an annual report which is now nearly a year stale for financial data. To assume from reading backwards (which is a basic error analysts who depend upon the "fundamental approach" of reading balance-sheets fall into) that all is well with the company with working capital of $44,719,931 more than twice inventory, could be a major error. The action of the stock is a much better indication in this circumstance.

For the past two years, the price of the class "A" has moved between 48 and 40 and it is presently selling at 46. From this it is assumed that the company continues to perform at a good level and that the sale of the paint division will be reflected in an improvement in the surplus account. At last report this stood at $4,060,926.

From all indications this stock appears worth holding for income and any considerable capital appreciation by a move above 50 could be realized by a shift into bonds of approximate yield.

Steep Rock

I HOLD *several hundred shares of Steep Rock Iron Mines at an average purchase price of $6.60. At what price would you suggest I should sell these shares for the short-term, say the next two or three months, with the idea of buying in later on in the year and holding on for the long pull? —A. T. M., New Westminster, B.C.*

The general news about this company is so well known that there is little need to expand upon it. By all indications the company will be in a position to attempt dividend payments in a few years. This is, of course, conditional upon the continuance of a high rate of demand for iron ore from the highly cyclical American steel industry.

The chart indications of this stock are much more pertinent for the answer you require. Since the stock hit bottom in September at 5.70, it has moved up to 7.30 and dropped back in a normal reaction to 6.80. A further upthrust seems possible to test the supply level near 8 from which the extended decline of last spring took place. From our chart, it would appear that this level will be very difficult to cross and it thus indicates a short-term selling zone.

Selling could be conducted on a scale-up of every ten cents from 7.70 and purchases deferred until a retreat under 6 offers an opportunity to take stock on a ten cent scale-down.

In Brief

COULD YOU *give any advice regarding Ankeno, which I bought at 70 cents. Do you think there is any possibility of it recovering from its present price of 12 cents? — M. M., Arvida, Que.*

As the options on the stock have been allowed to lapse, the answer appears to be no.

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Cardiff Uranium as a speculation?—T. E. M., Toronto.*

Same as the market—no bid.

WOULD YOU *please give your opinion of Consolidated Central Cadillac? What are the prospects of this company?—L. A., Toronto.*

Not attractive.

I HAVE *400 shares of J-M Consolidated Gold Mines. Are they worth anything?—M. R., Palmerston, Ont.*

J-M was reorganised into Jaculet Mines, on the basis of one for three, in 1949. Jaculet is quoted at 10¼ cents.

I HOLD *some Nesbitt-Labine for which I paid $1.50. Where would you suggest I sell?—Miss M. H., Toronto.*

At present market 2.15-2.25.

W. P. SNEAD

A Cornerstone of British Columbia's Economy

British Columbia Electric Company Limited, with its subsidiaries, controls the most extensive system of public utility services in Western Canada.

Abundant electric power and other services provided by this system are essential to much of the current industrial expansion so important to the Province of British Columbia. We offer, as principals,

British Columbia Electric Company Limited

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

Par Value $50

Price: $48 per share, to yield 5.20%

These Preferred Shares provide an attractive public utility investment in one of British Columbia's basic industries.

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Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
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TAX FREE INCOME FROM BONDS

Many investors who value the 20% dividend tax credit do not fully appreciate the tax free content in yield from high quality bonds.

We have prepared a schedule listing a number of such securities and showing the portion of yield free from tax. Copies available upon request.

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THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

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15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending December 31, 1953, payable February 25, 1954, to shareholders of record January 15, 1954; also special dividend of twenty-five cents (25c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company payable December 30, 1953, to shareholders of record December 3, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.
November 23, 1953.

BRAZILIAN TRACTION

LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the laws of Canada)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, subject to By-law No. 12 of the Company, which authorizes the payment of stock dividends, being sanctioned at the meeting of the shareholders of the Company to be held on January 6, 1954, the directors of the Company have declared a dividend of one-twentieth (1/20th) of an Ordinary Share and three cents (3c) (Canadian) on each Ordinary Share outstanding on January 7, 1954, PAYABLE on February 22, 1954, to the holders of Ordinary Shares of record at the close of business on January 7, 1954, and to holders of share warrants to bearer representing Ordinary Shares against surrender of Coupon No. 97.

Provision will be made for the issue of bearer fractional certificates representing fractional interests and for the exchange of bearer fractional certificates aggregating whole shares for share certificates or share warrants to bearer for whole shares. Until so exchanged, the holders, of fractional certificates will not be entitled to exercise any of the rights of shareholders or of holders of share warrants to bearer of the Company in respect of the fractional interests so represented and no dividends will be paid in respect thereof. Shares represented by any share certificates or share warrants to bearer issued in exchange as aforesaid will rank only for dividends payable after the date of the issue of such share certificates or share warrants to bearer.

Where necessary, fractional certificates may be split into smaller denominations and whole shares may be split into fractions, but no splits of whole shares will be allowed after April 30, 1954. Applications for splits must be made to the Company's transfer Agents, National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada, or National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., but applications may be sent through the Company's agent in England, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3. Fractions resulting from this Stock Dividend may be combined with outstanding fractions of previous Stock Dividends except fractions in respect of the Stock Dividend of March 1, 1930, unless the right to accrued dividends applicable to the latter fractions when converted into whole shares is waived.

Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will, where applicable, be subject to deduction of Canadian Non-resident Income Tax at the rate of 15%. We are advised that for the purpose of computing this tax, the amount of the dividend will be regarded as eight cents (8c) for each Ordinary Share held.

We are also advised that for the purpose of computing the Canadian income tax payable on this dividend by Canadian resident holders of Ordinary Shares, the amount of this dividend will be regarded as eight cents (8c) for each Ordinary Share held.

Coupons may be lodged for payment on and after February 22, 1954, at any one of the following offices:

In BELGIUM, at Brussels:
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.
Banque de Bruxelles, S.A.
Banque Lambert, S.C.S.
Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, S.A.
Banque de la Société Générale de Belgique, S.A.
Kredietbank, S.A.
Nagelmackers Fils et Cie.

In FRANCE, at Paris:
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.

In the NETHERLANDS, at Amsterdam:
Amsterdamsche Bank, N.V.

In the UNITED KINGDOM, at London:
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In CANADA, at the Head Office of the Company:
25 King Street West, Toronto.

For the convenience of holders of share warrants to bearer of the Company, arrangements will be made for the payment of that portion of the dividend payable in money in Canadian currency at any of the offices specified above, and for such office to obtain the share certificates or share warrants to bearer for whole shares, or bearer fractional certicates for fractional interests, for that portion of the dividend payable in shares, from Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited at Brussels, Belgium, or from National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada; all subject to compliance with applicable laws and regulations.

Full information as to the procedure to be followed can be obtained in Brussels or Paris, at Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited, or in Amsterdam at the Amsterdamsche Bank, N.V., or in the United Kingdom from the Company's agent, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London E.C. 3, or from the Company in Toronto, Canada.

DATED at Toronto, Canada, the 26th day of November, 1953.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

R. T. DONALD,
Secretary.

The transfer agents of the Company are National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada; and the National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., who should be notified promptly of any change of address.

The President of Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, Limited, Henry Borden, C.M.G., Q.C., has released the following statement:

"Subject to the sanction by the shareholders of By-law No. 12, the directors have declared a dividend of one-twentieth (1/20th) of an ordinary share and three cents (3c) (Canadian) on each ordinary share outstanding on January 7, 1954, payable on February 22, 1954, to the holders of ordinary shares of record at the close of business on January 7, 1954, and to holders of share warrants to bearer representing ordinary shares against surrender of coupon No. 97.

Before this dividend can be paid, it will be necessary for the shareholders to sanction By-law No. 12 at a special general meeting of shareholders to be held on January 6, 1954, of which notice will be given in due course.

Since early in 1952 the foreign exchange position of Brazil has been exceedingly difficult, with imports from dollar countris running substantially above the dollar product of the country's exports. A number of factors have contributed to this situation but, basically, it is due to Brazil's extremely rapid rate of industrial expansion and development creating abnormally large demands for capital goods from abroad.

The Government of Brazil has taken vigorous steps to curtail imports and conserve foreign exchange. As earlier measures have not provided the necessary remedy, within the last two months, new regulations of a more drastic nature have been introduced. These regulations are of a temporary or experimental nature and will undoubtedly require revision from time to time. For the present, the directors feel that it is in the interests of all concerned to forego the payment of the usual cash dividend and thereby conserve the Company's cash resources.

While it is not possible to forecast the duration of Brazil's exchange difficulties, the obvious determination of the government to achieve an orderly solution is in itself encouraging. I continue to have the greatest confidence in the capacity and resolve of the Brazilian authorities to work their way out of the present difficulties but time is a necessary element.

We are advised that under the provisions of the Income Tax Act of Canada the proposed dividend (stock plus cash) for Canadian income tax purposes should be regarded as equivalent to a cash dividend of eight cents (8c) (Canadian) per share. In other words, the one-twentieth (1/20th) of a share stock dividend should be treated for Canadian income tax purposes as the equivalent of five cents (5c) (Canadian) cash."

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of January, 1954 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1953.

Montreal, Nov. 25, 1953.

S. C. Scadding, *Secretary*

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

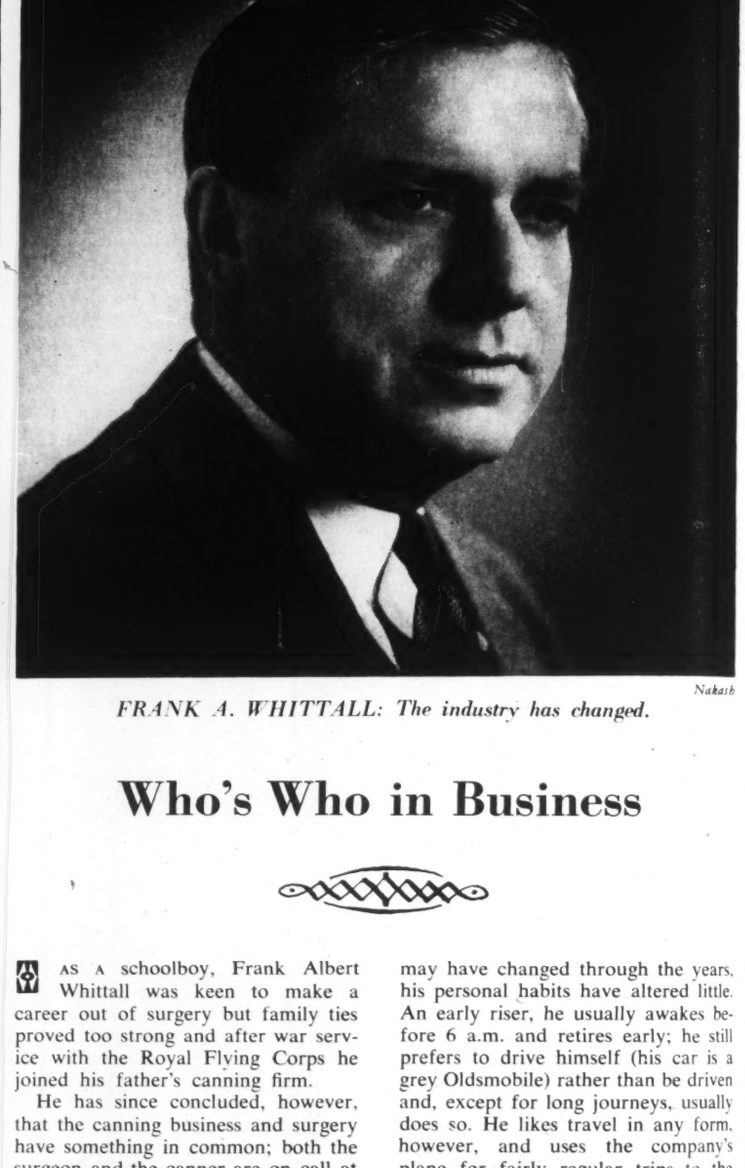
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1953, payable on January 15, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.



Nakash

FRANK A. WHITTALL: The industry has changed.

Who's Who in Business

AS A schoolboy, Frank Albert Whittall was keen to make a career out of surgery but family ties proved too strong and after war service with the Royal Flying Corps he joined his father's canning firm.

He has since concluded, however, that the canning business and surgery have something in common; both the surgeon and the canner are on call at all times from those who need attention or advice.

Frank Whittall, now 53, was only in his teens when he left Westmount High School to join the RFC so that when he was discharged in 1919 (by which time he had risen from pilot to the rank of Captain), he was still young enough to obtain a good grounding for business by studying commerce and law at McGill University.

But despite this background, when he joined the Whittall Can Company, it was as an $8.00 per month apprentice. He proceeded to work his way through the business, first in the manufacturing department and then as a salesman; by the time the firm was bought out by the Continental Can Company of Canada Limited, the president's son had become vice-president—a position he retained under the new management. He was promoted to executive vice-president in 1951 and elected president last year.

The industry has changed a good deal since his early days in it, technical developments having superseded the rule-of-thumb methods which were once prevalent. But though his duties may have changed through the years, his personal habits have altered little. An early riser, he usually awakes before 6 a.m. and retires early; he still prefers to drive himself (his car is a grey Oldsmobile) rather than be driven and, except for long journeys, usually does so. He likes travel in any form, however, and uses the company's plane for fairly regular trips to the West Coast where another new plant was recently opened. Earlier this year he flew over to Europe for the Coronation but feeling it would be a wasted trip not to combine business with pleasure, he visited the associate company while he was there, the Metal Box Company Overseas Limited.

He is a busy man and the three telephones in his large, square Montreal office are constantly in use, while the presence of six comfortable leather chairs hints that visitors are not infrequent.

Until recently, he made his home in Westmount in Montreal but now lives with his wife and 24-year-old son, Boyd, in the Glen Eagle apartments. He visits his summer home at Montebello when duties permit. His other son, Ralph, 27, who is a chemical engineer, is married and lives in Chicago, occasionally bringing two children to see their grandfather.

Continental Can's brown-haired president likes reading (historical, sport, and travel books), sailing, fishing and hunting. And although he is not bilingual in speech, his tastes run to both English and French cooking.

JOHN WILCOCK

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

ships on the shipping lanes due to the decrease in export and import trade.

For 25 years the Foundation Companies have been in the marine salvage business; they have salvaged more than a million tons of shipping and have been the means of saving many lives. The ships salved include ships of practically every nation and during the war this often entailed steaming unescorted into submarine-infested waters to salvage ships that had been torpedoed.

Probably one of the best-known salvage jobs carried out by Foundation—which shows the vagaries of the business—was the case of the British steamer, *Leicester*. This steamer ran into a full hurricane and the rolling of the vessel caused the ballast to shift. It was reported that the casualty listed as much as seventy degrees. The *Leicester* sent out an SOS call, all officers and crew were removed to other vessels and the ship was abandoned. The first news we had of the abandonment was relayed to us by the Royal Canadian Air Force Search and Rescue Group.

The tugs, *Foundation Josephine* and *Foundation Lillian*, were dispatched with all speed to the position of abandonment on the chance that the ship had not foundered. The tugs carried out a combined search by radar, covering an area of over 9,000 square miles. No sign of the vessel was seen and the tugs were ordered to return to their salvage stations at Sydney and Halifax.

Just as *Foundation Lillian* was entering Halifax Harbor on the return journey, a signal was received from a ship reporting that they had sighted the *Leicester* and giving us the position. *Foundation Lillian* sailed immediately for this reported position and *Foundation Josephine* was diverted from another assignment. Four days later the *Leicester* was sighted by the *Lillian* and the difficult task of boarding and getting a hawser to the badly listed vessel was commenced. It was decided that *Foundation Josephine*, which had arrived at the casualty, being the heavier tug, would do the towing and *Foundation Lillian* would escort. The boarding party made the hawser fast, towing was commenced and the course was shaped for Bermuda. One week later the mission was completed and the *Leicester* was towed into safe harbor. Thus a ship, in circumstances similar to those under which the *Flying Enterprise* was lost, was successfully salved.

Although the *Leicester* was abandoned, the owners of this vessel never relinquished their title to it. A contract was made on Lloyd's Form but, in this case, the award was agreed upon between the owners and the salvors. So ended a gamble on the part of the officers of the Company which might easily have resulted in a fruitless search of long duration and a heavy financial loss but which, through the persistence of the officers and crew of the tugs, became a successful salvage job.

In these days of high costs and high taxation, the incentive to carry on this highly-speculative business gives management a good deal of concern. I must admit, however, that, when an SOS (. . . — — — . . .) crackles over the ether in the North Atlantic or Gulf of St. Lawrence, a Foundation tug is ready and eager to cast off her lines and defy the elements in an endeavor to wrest another potential victim from Davy Jones's locker.

F. G. Rutley is President and General Manager of The Foundation Co. of Canada Limited and President of Foundation Maritime Limited.

The Firm Statistic

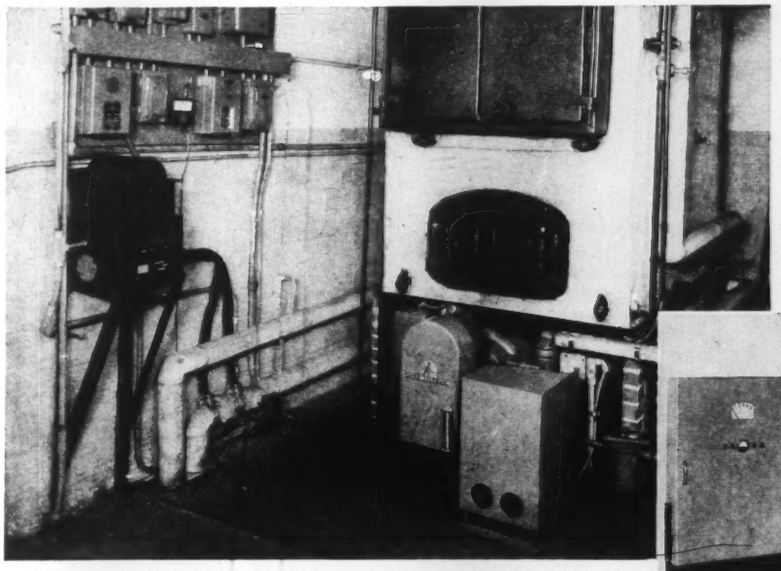
Benjamin F. Fairless, chairman of the U.S. Steel Corporation: If I were a Socialist and if I wanted to discredit the free enterprise system by producing a serious business slump, I think I would start by predicting from the housetops that hard times were on the way. And if I could shout long enough and loud enough, and could get other people to take up my mournful cry, I think I would frighten millions of customers right out of the market place . . .

There is one statistic in which I put more faith than any other—and that is the condition of the American consumer's pocketbook . . The market is there, the money is there and all we have to do in the world is to go out and get it.

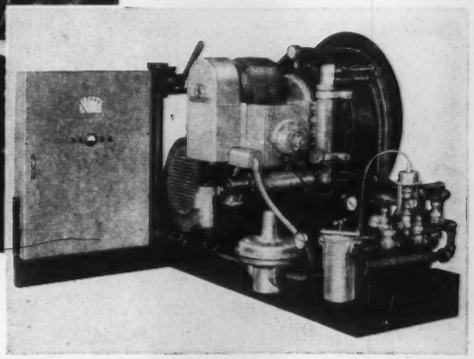
Anticipated Heating Cost Cut 1/3
with Iron Fireman Rotary Oil Burner

Writes Mr. Williamson, "Our experience gained in 15 years' use of an Iron Fireman stoker influenced us in the purchase of an Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner for our new plant, erected in 1950. This unit has performed far beyond our expectations, resulting in a one-third reduction in anticipated heating costs. In addition, its cleanliness and low-cost maintenance proved extraordinary."

Mr. L. D. Williamson
President and General Manager
Pritchard Engineering Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg



Boiler room of Pritchard Engineering Company, Ltd.
Iron Fireman Rotary Oil Burner
installed by Winnipeg Supply & Fuel Co., Ltd.



Fires low cost heavy oils

The Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner handles all grades of oil (No. 6 or lighter) without special adjustment. You get steady, even firing and instant response to steam demands. The exclusive Iron Fireman Oil Volumeter keeps oil feed steady, regardless of changes in oil viscosity or temperature. Capacities up to 500 bhp.

For further information write Iron Fireman Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 48, 80 Ward Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Iron Fireman "package" units for either oil or gas, or for combination oil-gas firing

This is a completely integrated unit composed of forced draft air supply, control panel, and either the Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner or Ring Type gas burner (or combination oil-gas burner if desired). The entire unit is assembled, wired and tested at the factory. It is designed for use with all types of boilers, including Scotch Marine, and is installed by simply bolting the package unit to the boiler front. Forced draft eliminates the need for high stacks.

THE IRON FIREMAN

Iron Fireman

AUTOMATIC FIRING EQUIPMENT FOR HEATING, PROCESSING, POWER

EATON'S

To Dine? To Dance?

. . . Perchance to a Premiere?

Black velvet gleams for the important "little evening" . . . its waist tightly clasped, its skirt floating on crinoline. From a superb collection of After-Five Fashions at Eaton's.

EATON'S—
CANADA'S LARGEST
RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . .
STORES AND ORDER OFFICES
FROM COAST TO COAST

The Toy Tangle

ARE CANADIANS getting their money's worth when they buy toys? Research by the Canadian Association of Consumers indicates the situation is in quite a tangle.

Let's face it. The toy buying public is not discriminating. The same individual buys a dress, knows the quality, wearability and price value, but often buys toys that are obviously breakable, have no play value, are unsuited to the child's age and are outrageously expensive. Why?

The purchaser of toys is seldom the consumer. She buys a dress and learns by personal experience, but she gives a toy and then blames the child if he's ungrateful, or blames the toy, not herself. The retailer, too, is at fault. Toys are displayed to sell fast.

Our knowledge of good play value comes from educationalists, psychologists and observant parents. Yet, to date, this group has not been heard from enough—especially in Canada.

That's the tangle. Now how do we straighten it out? Let us, as consumers, learn something about toys. Then we can influence manufacturers and retailers.

There is sheer fun in giving but don't take advantage of this. To get dollar value, the toy ought to have a long play life. An unsuitable toy may last a life time because it is never used. A breakable toy may get used, but break after two hours. The right toy, given at the wrong age, makes for frustration and destruction.

How do we win? Know our children. Toys can aid in development, open new fields of accomplishment, serve as outlets for emotional and physical needs, or be constant fill for the waste basket.

Here are a few rules. Buy with the individual child in mind, his age, capabilities and interests.

Buy with the use in mind. A rattle must be chewable, throwable, bangable. But short-lived, cheap toys have a value, where quantity, not quality, may be the need. For example, when playing in a group, children need lots of little cars. The casualties may be high but the loss not heavy, and the play value good.

Buy to stimulate imagination. Large unit blocks or blocks that can be fitted to make anything are better, during the earlier years, than those that must be used only according to directions. This principle applies to paints, clay and construction sets.

Buy in answer to the question, "What does she need now?" not, "Isn't that cute, she ought to like it." Extend the play world by buying the things that will increase the child's interests.

Children need real carpentry tools, paint, clay and colored paper in bulk. Small-size real kitchenware makes better sand box or doll-play items than any of their imitations.

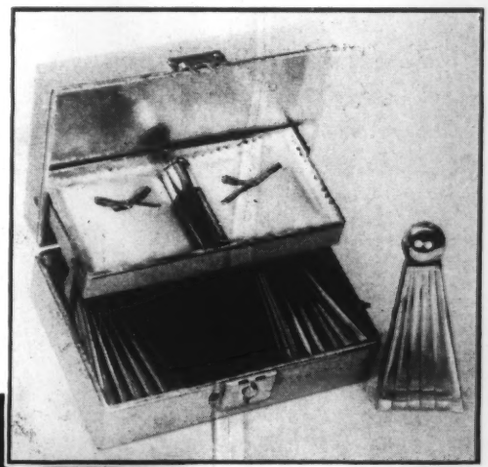
If the consumers are intelligent, the manufacturers will come along and the retailers will respond. But the beginning of the tangle must be unwound by the Canadian consumer.

POLLY MACKAY-SMITH

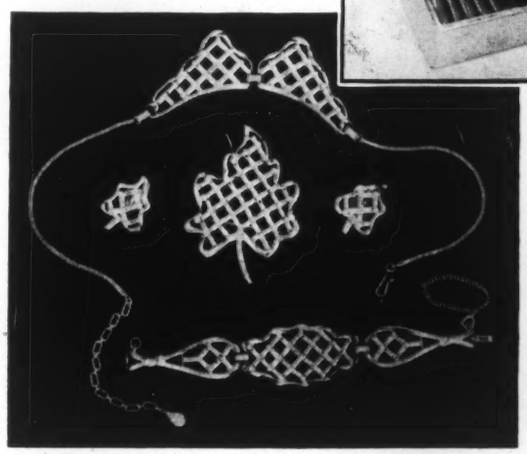
ELEGANCE *from a Paris collection, a winter white felt hat, with beading and rhinestones, $65. Rhinestone necklace, European import, $7.50; rhinestone bracelet, $30; 16-button white kid gloves, $12.95; mother - of - pearl and rhinestone compact, $15. At Toronto Eaton's.*

Photo: Eaton's

women



PERFUME *jewel box, complete with two sachet pillows and a perfumette of "Command Performance", and three bottles of cologne in "White Magnolia", "Heaven-Sent" and "Command Performance". Helena Rubinstein, $9.*



LATTICE *effect in 4-piece set by Coro, in gold with rhinestone baguettes: necklace, $15; bracelet, $15; pin, $10; earrings, $6.*

Photo: Roseborough

Conversation Pieces:

HELENA RUBINSTEIN believes that even five minutes of relaxation can be put to good use—on your hands. You can help slim your fingers and point your fingertips by pulling the fingers and by massage. Stretch each finger until the knuckles almost crack; grasp each finger with the thumb and first finger of the other hand and pull along the full length of the finger and off into space. Work on the knuckles with a sort of massage movement. Madame Rubinstein first became aware of the beauty of hands when she was a school girl in Poland. There were two very plain girls there who worked constantly at beautifying their hands. "That was long before people were as interested in hands as they are today," she told us recently in Toronto, "and I never forgot them."

When we met Magda Gabor a while ago, she was telling us about the Gabor book, *Orchids and Salami,* to be published in January. Why that title? Here's Magda's explanation. One night when George Sanders was courting Zsa Zsa, he raided the Gabor refrigerator. All it contained was salami and an orchid corsage. Sanders quipped something about it being typical of the Gabor way of life.

Montreal held its Fashion Festival on Dec. 9 and 10, previewing the Spring lines of Montreal fashion manufacturers. Commentator was Iona Monahan.

Guest columnist this week is Mrs. S. A. (Polly) MacKay-Smith, of Ottawa, head of the Toy Testing Committee set up by the Canadian Association of Consumers. Mrs. MacKay-Smith is the mother of five children, one of whom, Mary, will be among the "Christmas children" whose pictures will appear in the next issue.

Mrs. G. R. S. Troops, Committee President of the Women's Committee of the York Concert Society, Toronto, has announced a Spring Festival of four concerts, under director Heinz Unger.

Recently two quite different companies came up with a neat three-way tie-in. Lenthèric brought out a "Pippin Red" lipstick, the exact shade of the new red Hillman Minx cars, which featured Tweed seat covers, "Tweed" being a favorite Lenthèric scent.

"Onion and garlic are just old hat when it comes to seasonings," reports an editor (at the National Conference of Eood Editors in Chicago) who tasted hors d'oeuvres "that were delicious due to tabasco enhancement." She also liked the dash of a few drops of Angostura bitters served at a breakfast in the fruit juice, the ½ tsp. of bitters added to the creamed chipped beef and the eggs "lightly spiced with bitters".

Mrs. Albert B. Regenstreif has been appointed to the board of trustees of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Montreal, the first woman anywhere, it is believed, to be named to such a post in an orthodox synagogue.

The year-old Women's Theare Guild of Edmonton presented a $300 bursary to Eleanor Meyer, fourth year University of Alberta student, under which she will assist in the children's theatre run by the Recreation Commission.

Recently, the Moslem wives in East Pakistan stormed the Assembly gallery, to dissuade the Legislature from amending the divorce law that would require the wife to give her husband two months' notice of her intention to dissolve their marriage. Too long, the wives felt. They prefer the present short notice.

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PEEK FREAN'S
TWIGLETS
WHEN
ENTERTAINING

Put swank in your party. Twiglets lend a London flavour when you serve refreshments. And these long, thin "twigs" which have a zestful taste are appetizing as well as novel.

Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean

MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits
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Ontario Ladies' College
WHITBY, ONTARIO

Residential and Day School for Girls, near Toronto.
Grades 1 to 13 and Vocational.
Valuable entrance scholarships.
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REV. S. L. OSBORNE
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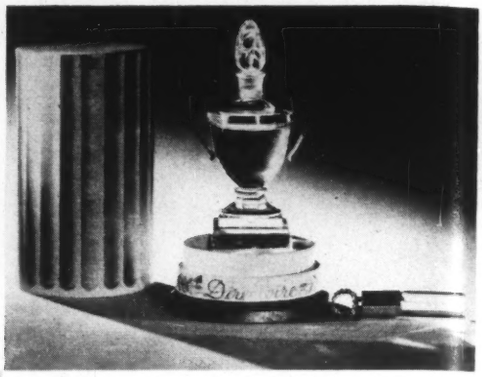
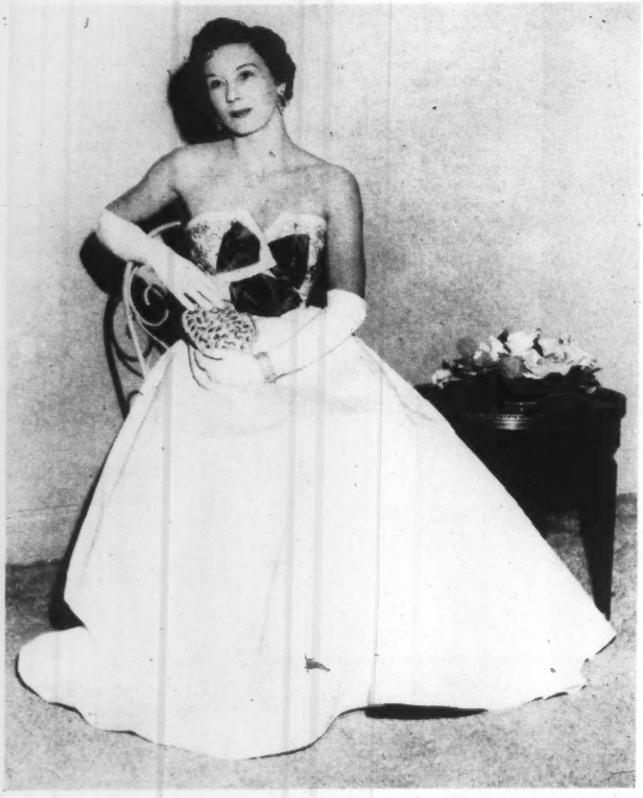
83-2

In Tucson ARIZONA
WORLD FAMOUS HOTEL
SANTA RITA
Offers You EVERYTHING!
• Sunshine • Mountains • Riding • Tennis • Swimming • Golf and... the Most Wonderful Vacation You've Ever Had!
See Travel Agent or write Geo. W. Hall, Mgr.
Santa Rita Hotel, Tucson, Arizona, U. S. A.



"DIRECTOIRE" *perfume by Charles of the Ritz, in a sparkling urn of Directoire design, with flame-carved stopper. 1⅛ ounce, $27.50. Lipstick, $5.*



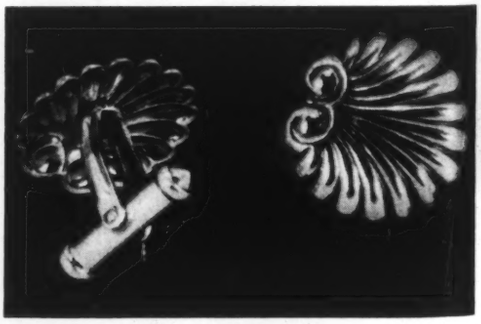
for you

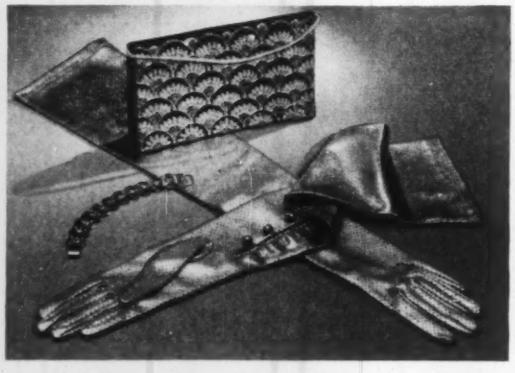
ACTRESS *Betty Leighton poses in a white bengaline evening gown, with blue beaded bodice, satin trimmed. Miss Leighton had a feature role in the Stratford Shakespearean Festival and has now joined the new professional Toronto company which the Davis brothers are opening in January. Dress is from American import collection, $125; pearl and sequin bag, from France, $22.50; diamond-shaped rhinestone earrings, $13; 5-strand bracelet, by Avon of Canada, $25. At Simpson's, Toronto.*

Photo: Roseborough

CUFF LINKS *for new feminine fashion of long-sleeved shirtwaists, in oxidized sterling silver. Pair $4.50. At Birks.*

Photo: Ken Bell



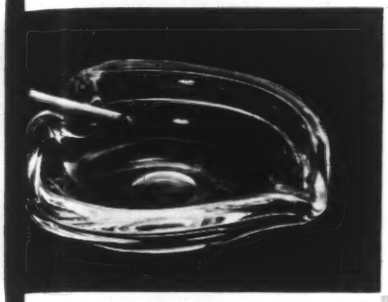


FOR THE *evening: 16-button, 24-carat gold nylon mesh gloves, made in Canada, $22.95; black velvet bag, hand embroidered in India with gold and silver sequin thread, $13.98; gold bracelet, with brilliants, $7.50. At Northway's, Toronto.*

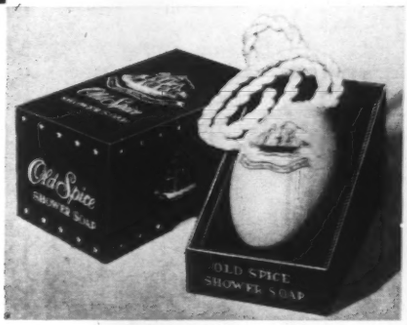
Photo: Roseborough

STETSON *"St. Regis" hat. Stetson hats are priced from $8.95 to $50.*

for the man



HAND-MADE *Swedish crystal ash tray; 8" size. $6.50. Lindsay Studios, Toronto.*

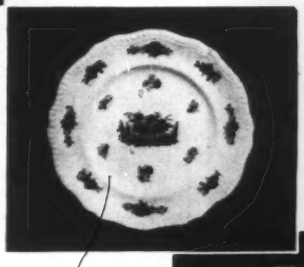


SHOWER *soap in the "Old Spice" scent, with neck cord attached. $1.25.*

MAHOGANY *drop-leaf end-table, in the Sheraton style, $11. At Lionel Rawlinson, Toronto.*

Photo: Panda

for the house



NEW *Green Basket design in Spode china, 10" plate, $2.00.*

Photo: Brigdens

TWIN *"Newport" table lighters, in heavy gold plate, by Ronson, pair $40.*

Photo: Ken Bell

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STANDING *in Italian Renaissance doorway, on loan from Mrs. Otto Korner, Vancouver: l to r, Mrs. Lawren Harris, Ann Harwood and Wallace Robson.*
Photos: Atray

The Italian Renaissance

Opening

at the Vancouver Art Gallery

LOOKING *at the bronze horse by Leonardo da Vinci, on loan from New York: Mrs. Otto Korner, President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Art Gallery, and Signor Salvatore Saraceno, the Italian Consul, who opened the Exhibition.*

DR. EVELYN FARRIS, *wife of Senator J. W. deB. Farris, and Alan Hull looking at Christ Child Blessing, a Florentine work. On the wall is a St. Sebastian oil on copper by Annibale Carracci.*

CURATOR *of the Art Gallery, J. A. Morris (r), discusses the Botticelli Madonna and Child (on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal) with Professor Hunter Lewis and Mrs. William Hare, member of the Women's Auxiliary.*

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Films

Very Mild For Gay

JOHN GAY'S *The Beggar's Opera* has been going the rounds for a couple of centuries and it is still a sturdy old piece that stands up well even under the roughest treatment. In fact, it stands up a good deal better under rough treatment than under the special refinements introduced in the current screen version, starring Sir Lawrence Olivier.

Sir Lawrence has taste, talent and good looks. But these weren't the special qualities that John Gay had in mind when he created his ebullient Captain Macheath. The Macheath rôle was meant to be delivered, both vocally and theatrically, from the soles of the boots up. The late Campbell MacInnis, for instance, made a magnificent Macheath, who filled the auditorium with his voice and made the stage overflow with his presence. When he stood with a hand on his hip and a foot on a chair and opened up with *Fill Every Glass*, he had the audience rocking in rhythm. But when Olivier draws a carefully trained breath and launches into "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care", only the tune is recognizable, a mere bodiless trickle.

The rude vigor of the original operetta seems to have been sacrificed all along the line. The Olivier Macheath is reflective when he should be reckless, brooding when he should be gay, and a little distrait, even when he is making love to half a dozen tavern ladies at once. He is Hamlet in a highwayman's jacket, and the jacket fits a good deal better than the rôle. Stanley Holloway sings a song or two, supplying the chest tones so conspicuously lacking everywhere else, and the two ladies bewitched by the Captain warble and lament in frail pretty voices. There are no ringing choruses and most of the time one has the feeling of listening from the wrong side of the doors in the lobby.

Christopher Fry worked on the current script and seems to have collaborated with Olivier in reducing the general raffishness of the original. There is plenty of action, however, with hold-ups, brawls, and any amount of galloping about in the moonlight; and though Olivier never loses his look of handsome melancholy, he appears to have got a reasonable amount of enjoyment out of the exercise. It is a very expensive-looking Technicolor production, and most of the wonderful old songs are included, though they sound rather like ghosts of their former selves.

The Holly and the Ivy has Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton and Celia Johnson in one of those earnestly observed studies of family life that seem to be the specialty of British women novelists. The father (played by Sir Ralph) is an elderly clergyman whose grown-up family turns up dutifully to celebrate Christmas, and then undutifully gets tight on Christmas Eve. Father becomes acquainted with the more secular side of his children's lives eventually, and everything is straightened out in time for a sober and amicable Christmas, if not exactly a merry one.

Let's Do It Again is a remake of *The Awful Truth* which was a very entertaining comedy when played some years ago by Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. The current version, starring Ray Milland and Jane Wyman, is twice as elaborate and less than half as funny. The situations and many of the lines remain unchanged, the stars work tirelessly for their laughs, and maybe the only trouble with the piece is that it's the sort of funny story that can only be told once.

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Letters

Shaw's Corner

IF CANADIANS are sending their itineraries of England to Mr. Beverley Nichols to approve. I suppose they deserve all they get. At present he is putting his blue pencil through Shaw's Corner, Ayot St. Lawrence, because the house is hideous, is crammed with evidences of Shaw's egomania, and is a considerably less rewarding place than Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon. My advice to Canadian travellers is this: if brick houses with a southern view of pleasant gardens and English countryside revolt you, then keep away. Otherwise, don't let Mr. Nichols's fastidiousness disturb you.

If you are afraid that you are displaying ignorance by suggesting a trip to Ayot St. Lawrence when there is so much more to be gained from a visit to the Bard's country place, then you had better forget Shaw. But if the delight and the inspiration of Shaw's invigorating prose somewhat allays your fears, if the thought of a commercialized Stratford and a hideous (brick) Memorial Theatre repels you, then Shaw's Corner should at least hold its own with other literary pilgrimages you plan to make.

Finally, if the egomania exuding from every sentence Mr. Nichols self-consciously pens does not stop you from reading his columns, nothing should stop you from visiting Ayot . . .

Hamilton, Ont. T. H. CRERAR

A Better Film

IT SEEMS a great pity that a good film, *From Here to Eternity*, apparently has inspired Canadians to turn to the book from which it was taken . . . The book, which featured so prominently in your list of library favorites, is a very poor piece of work, of inordinate length because it is padded with inconsequential detail, blackened by the literal realism which is a poor substitute for imaginative realism, clumsily written and amateurishly conceived . . . The film, on the other hand, was a fine, disciplined example of what can be done with what basically is an interesting theme and plot . . .

Ottawa EVELYN HARRISON

Protected Industry

THE VIEW has been put forward by Mr. H. G. L. Strange, in your Letters column, that Canada would be more prosperous without protective tariffs. I do not agree.

Industry was established in Canada because Canadians needed the products of that industry. In some cases it was established under a protective tariff—to protect its workers and to ensure a continuing domestic supply.

Industries established under those conditions have grown with the country, they now employ hundreds of thousands of Canadians. Without the assurance of a chance to compete in the Canadian market with foreign goods, those industries would be forced to close their doors, throwing their employees out of work.

Also, without competition from domestic goods, foreign producers would dominate the Canadian market and in many cases could set their own standards of quality and price.

We are committed to a protective tariff policy. Without it goods from low-wage countries would flood the country, closing the doors of our factories and drastically lowering our standard of living.

Toronto E. R. SEAMAN

I HAVE BEEN reading with considerable interest the discussions in your columns of the troubles that beset the Canadian textile industry. Undoubtedly the competition from other countries has much to do with these troubles, but I believe the industry could do much to help itself by improving its products . . . Generally speaking, I do not think that the Canadian cottons are as good as American cottons, or Canadian woollens as good as British woollens. This is not to say that Canadian products are bad, but that if they were better than their competitors the industry would have less to fear from competition . . .

Calgary MARY ELLEN CALVERLEY

Church Activity

IN YOUR comment on the Quebec City by-law aimed against the Witnesses of Jehovah, you would have been better occupied in spending less time on examination of the decision of the Supreme Court and more on the activities not only of this particular sect but of all the sects now conveniently grouped under the heading of The Church. What the Witnesses are doing in a brash, perhaps silly manner, other sects are doing in a more subtle way. Every church in the land is proselytizing in one way or another; they fall over themselves rushing into new communities to grab off the lion's share of the audience, and one is forced to the opinion that they are far more interested in their own revenues and financial stability than in seeing simply that people turn to the church, any church, for spiritual solace and strength . . .

WILLIAM B. SAMPSON

Port Arthur, Ont.

Western Wheat

YOUR CORRESPONDENTS and commentators who have been crying havoc over the so-called "plight" of the western grain growers have not been paying much attention to fact. According to figures supplied by the Wheat Board, 300 million bushels of prairie grains will have been delivered in the present crop year. As was announced at Ottawa by Trade Minister Howe, $100 million in interim and final payments on last year's deliveries will have been distributed to producers in the same period. According to the Regina *Leader-Post*, by the end of the year the Wheat Board expects that all western farmers will have been able to deliver their wheat quota in addition to their quota of other grains—something the Board did not expect to accomplish in earlier estimates.

Regina CARL OLAVSON

A Dismal Pattern

THE FIRST cold spell of the winter has been ushered in to its usual accompaniment of accidents on the slippery highways and disastrous fires in the homes. Must this be the pattern for the coming season?

The reports of the fires all have a certain similarity: "tar-paper shack", "defective wiring", "low paperboard false ceilings". Surely today, when every piece of construction is hedged about with restrictions, this kind of jerry-built fire trap can be eliminated. A rigorous inspection of old homes and their heating facilities by members of Fire Departments—a program much more in keeping with their training than the repair of old toys, which seems to be a popular occupation of the staffs of Fire Halls—could be undertaken. Municipal authorities should unearth and act upon the by-laws they have passed in connection with fire prevention. Insurance companies could give a lead, too. But something must be done to stop this accumulative toll of loss of life and destruction of property.

(MRS. T. D.) ANN MILLER

Sudbury, Ont.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	19
BUSINESS	27
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	11
LETTER FROM NEW YORK	5
LIGHTER SIDE	18
OTTAWA LETTER	14
SOCIAL SCENE	16
WOMEN	32

SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

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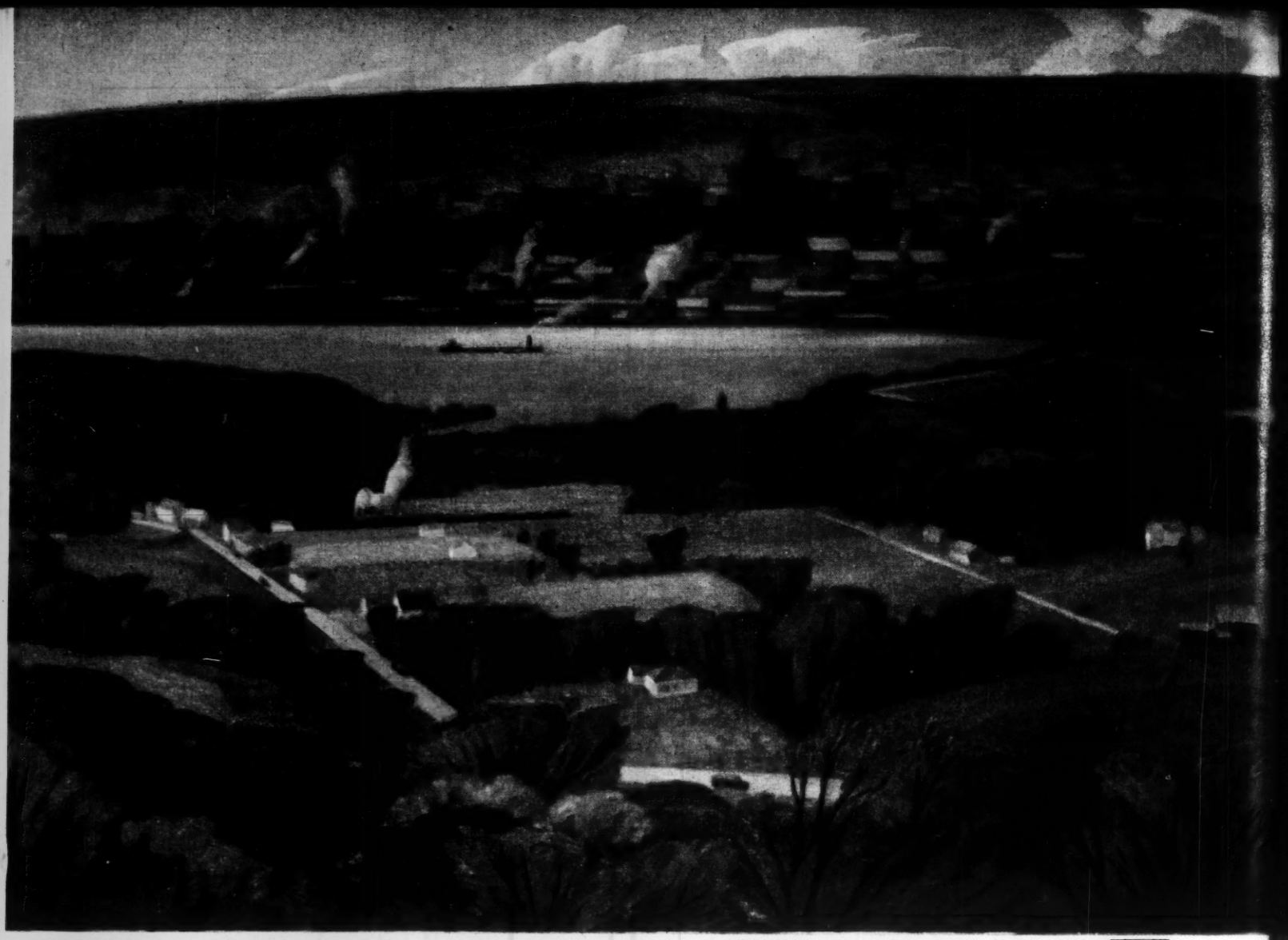

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More important, these new foreign friends have carried away vivid personal impressions of Canada as a great and growing country—a land of tremendous natural and industrial resources and remarkable human resourcefulness.

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